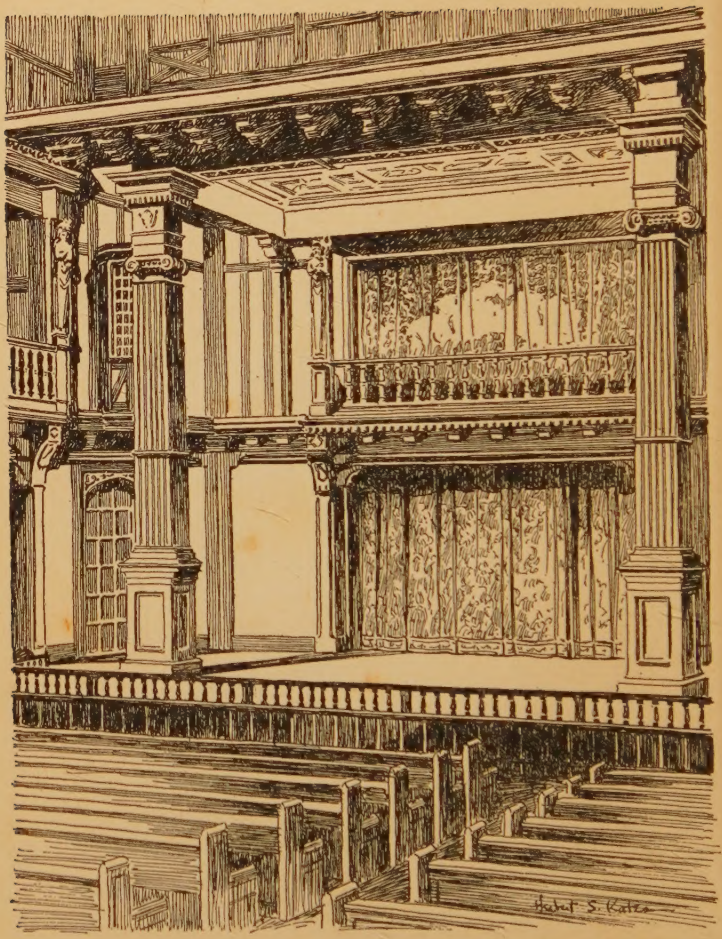
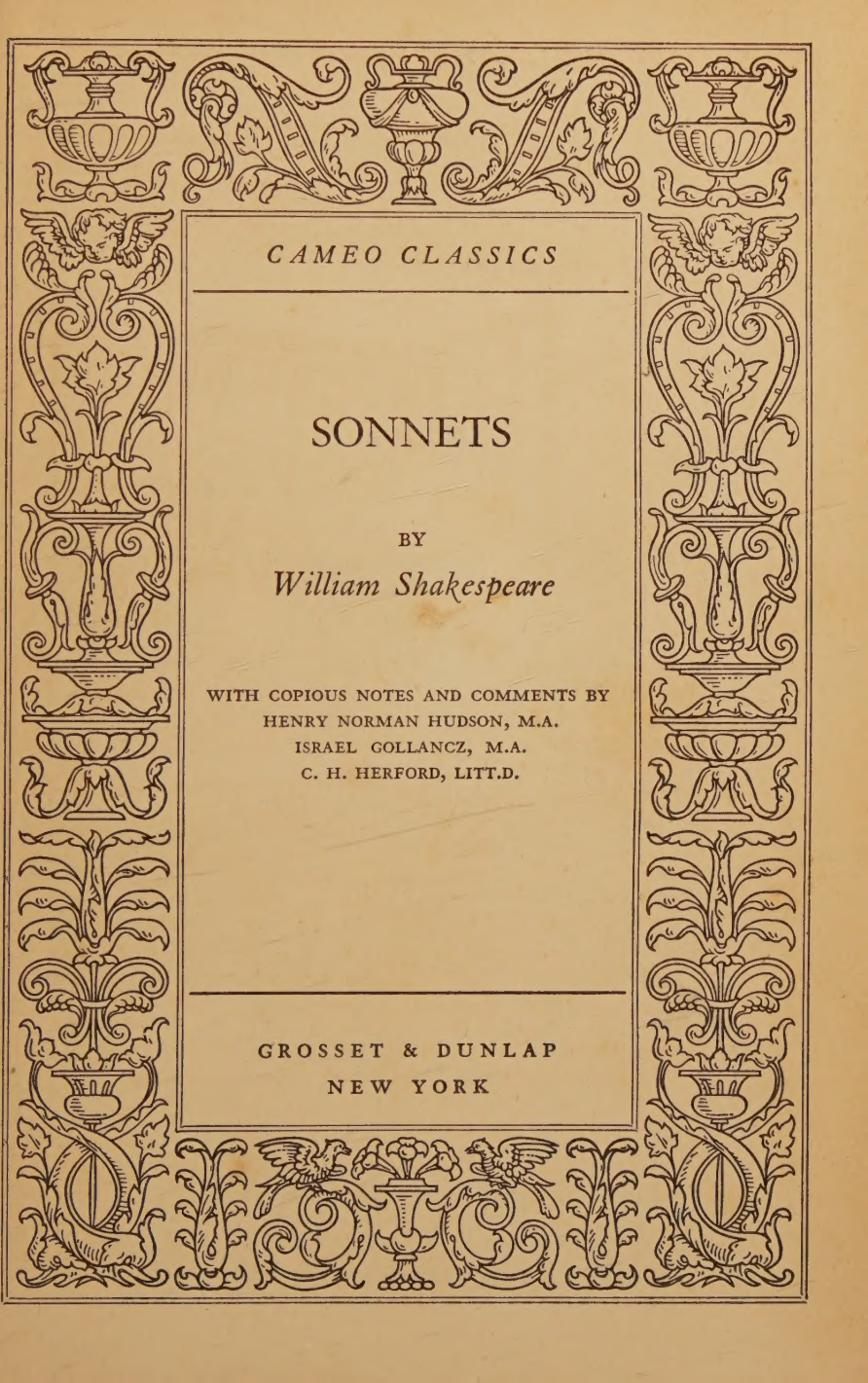
SONNETS



Shakespeare Theatre, Folger Library, Washington, D. C.
Replica of a typical theatre of Shakespeare's time.



CAMEO CLASSICS

SONNETS

BY

William Shakespeare

WITH COPIOUS NOTES AND COMMENTS BY
HENRY NORMAN HUDSON, M.A.
ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.
C. H. HERFORD, LITT.D.

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SONNETS

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

TO . THE . ONLIE . BEGETTER . OF .

THESE . INSVING . SONNETS .

M^r^ W. H. ALL . HAPPINESSE .

AND . THAT . ETERNITIE .

PROMISED

BY .

OVR . EVER-LIVING . POET .

WISHETH .

THE . WELL-WISHING .

ADVENTVRER . IN .

SETTING .

FORTH .

T. T.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

On May 20, 1609, "*a book called Shakespeares Sonnettes*" was entered on the Stationers' Register, and soon after was published, in quarto, with the following title-page:—

"SHAKE-SPEARES | SONNETS. | Neuer before Imprinted. | AT LONDON | By *G. ELD* for *T. T.* and are | to be solde by *William Aspley.* | 1609. | "[1]

At the end of the Sonnets was printed, for the first time, the poem entitled "A Lovers Complaint."

The text of the Sonnets was, on the whole, carefully printed, but evidently without the author's supervision; thus, *e. g.* Sonnet CXXVI, a twelve-line *Envoi*, was marked by parenthesis at the end, as though two lines were missing; similarly, the final couplet of Sonnet XCVI may have been borrowed from Sonnet XXXVI.

In 1640 Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, re-arranged under various titles, (with the omission of XVIII, XIX, XLIII, LVI, LXXV, LXXVI, XCVI, CXXVI), were included in "POEMS: WRITTEN BY WIL. SHAKESPEARE, Gent. Printed at *London* by *Tho. Cotes*, and are to be sold by *John Benson*, dwelling in St. *Dunstanes* Churchyard 1640."

[1] Some copies have the name of "John Wright, dwelling at Christ Church gate," as the bookseller, instead of "William Aspley."

A facsimile of the *"Sonnets"* was issued among the *"Shakspere Quarto Facsimiles"* (No. 30).

The original selling price of the *"Sonnets"* was 5d. A perfect copy would, probably, now fetch £500.

It is strange that there should have been no edition between 1609 and 1640; perhaps Benson's protestation that "the Reader" will find them "Seren, cleere, and eligantly plain, such gentle straines as shall recreate and not perplexe the brain, no intricate or cloudy stuffe to puzzell intellect, but perfect eloquence," best explains the prevailing opinion on the subject of the poems. Mr. Publisher "protests too much" against the alleged obscurity of the Sonnets.[1]

One hundred years after the appearance of the First Edition, the Sonnets were first republished, by Lintott, as originally printed; about the same time Gildon issued a new edition of the 1640 version, under the heading of "*Poems on several occasions.*"

THE SEQUENCE OF THE SONNETS

The Sonnets, as printed in 1609, present on the whole an orderly arrangement, though here and there it is somewhat difficult to find the connecting links. If it could be proved that any one Sonnet is out of place, the whole chain would perhaps be spoilt, but no such "broken link" can be adduced.[2]

The Sonnet-Sequence consists of three main sections:—A, Sonnets I–CXXVI; B, Sonnets CXXVII–CLII; C, Sonnets CLIII–CLIV. Sections A and B are closely connected; Section C may be a sort of Epilogue to B, but is

[1] Probably no weight is to be attached to Benson's statement that the poems are "of the same purity the Author himself then living avouched."

[2] Mr. Rolfe, in his *Addenda* to the "*Sonnets*" contrasts Sonnet LXX with Sonnets XXXIII–XXXV (to say nothing of XL–XLII); if these Sonnets, he observes, are addressed to the same person, Sonnet LXX is unquestionably out of place. This seems so at first sight; but surely the faults referred to in the earlier Sonnets are not only forgiven, but here (in LXX) imputed to slander; or, as Mr. Tyler puts it, "such an affair as that with the poet's mistress was not regarded, apparently, as involving serious moral blemish." Anyhow the statement in the Sonnet is somewhat too flattering, but its position dare not be disturbed.

more probably an independent exercise in sonneteering, based on a Latin version of a Greek Epigram found in the ninth book of the Anthology, composed by Byzantine Marianus, a writer probably of the fifth century after Christ:—

"Τᾶδ' ὑπὸ τὰς πλατάνους ἁπαλῷ τετρυμένος ὕπνῳ
εὗδεν Ἔρως, νύμφαις λαμπάδα παρθέμενος.
Νύμφαι δ' ἀλλήλησι, 'τί μέλλομεν; αἴθε δε τούτῳ
σβέσσαμεν,' εἶπον, 'ὁμοῦ πῦρ καρδίης μερόπων.
Λαμπὰς δ' ὡς ἔφλεξε καὶ ὕδατα, θερμὸν ἐκεῖθεν
Νύμφαι Ἐρωτιάδες λουτροχοεῦσιν ὕδωρ." [1]

THE DRAMA OF THE SONNET

The general theme of the Sonnets is the poet's almost idolatrous love for a younger friend, a noble and beauteous youth, beloved for his own sweet sake, not for his exalted rank; this unselfish, whole-hearted, and soul-absorbing devotion passes through various stages of doubt, distrust, infidelity, jealousy, and estrangement; after the period of trial, love is again restored, stronger and greater than before:—

"O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater."

"Friendship Triumphant" is the subject of the story unfolded in Sonnets I–CXXVI. Love between man and man, triumphing over the love of man for woman, was no uncommon theme in Elizabethan literature. The denouement of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* turns upon it, while Lyly's *Campaspe* (pub. 1584) illustrates the same truth:—

[1] "Here beneath the plane trees, overborne by soft sleep, Love slumbered, giving his torch to the Nymph's keeping; and the Nymphs said to one another, "Why do we delay? and would that with this we might have quenched the fire in the heart of mortals." But now, the torch having kindled even the waters, the amorous Nymphs pour hot water thence into the bathing pool." Mackail, *Select Epigrams.* (On the source of the two Sonnets, *cp.* Hertzberg, *Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft,* 1878.) A Latin rendering is found in *Selecta Epigrammata;* Basel, 1529.

Alexander the Great and Apelles, the most famed of Grecian painters, were intimate friends; their friendship was well-nigh wrecked through a woman's charms; the painter became enamored of the monarch's mistress while painting her likeness, but Alexander generously cancelled his claim; his friendship for the painter was greater than his love for the fair captive.

The Sonnet-drama seems to have many points in common with Lyly's Court-play: instead of the painter of "Venus Anadyomene," we have the poet of "Venus and Adonis"; instead of magnanimity on the part of the high-born and exalted friend, it is the wronged poet who bears forgivingly "the strong offense's cross"; instead of a ravishingly beautiful woman, we have a dark-eyed Circe, the reverse of beautiful, bewitching men by the magic of her eyes; a dark-haired, pale-cheeked siren, drawing her victims despite their knowledge of her wiles; a very Cleopatra in strength, intellect, and hedonism.

As in the drama, so in the *Sonnets*, the chief actors are three in number; the poet is, however, the hero; the friend and the woman are the good and evil angels:—

> "Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
> Which like two spirits do suggest me still;
> The better angel is a man right fair,
> The worser spirit a woman color'd ill."

This, then, is the keynote of the whole sequence: the first section (I–CXXVI) is occupied mainly with the "man right fair," the second (CXXVII–CLII) concerns the "woman color'd ill," to whom passing allusion is evidently made in Sonnets XXX–XXXV, etc.; the poet's picture of his *Campaspe* needed a special section for itself; he gives us no fancy picture, but one evidently drawn from life (*cp.* CXXVII–CXLIV, etc.).

NOTEWORTHY POINTS

(i) Although the first one hundred and twenty-six Sonnets form one whole, it is quite clear that they sub-divide

into smaller groups, though in very few instances does a Sonnet stand by itself, unconnected with what goes before or with what follows. Thus I–XXVI is a series of Sonnets forming, as it were, a single poetical epistle urging his friend to marry; XXVII–XXXII seem to form another such epistle, dealing with friendship in absence; XXXIII–XLII tell of love's first disillusioning; love's willing pain, self-denial, and forgiveness; XLIII–LV express friendship's fears during separation. Similarly, the remaining Sonnets of the series may be more or less accurately grouped; the most striking of the remaining groups is probably C–CXXV, which gives the impression of having been added after the so-called Sonnet CXXVI had been written; if this were so, Shakespeare's original intention was to compose a Century of Sonnets, following the example of the poet Watson, the author of "*Hekatompathia, the Passionate Century of Love.*" (*Cp. Analysis of the Sonnets.*)

(ii) These various poetical epistles probably represent intervals of time; but there are also more direct indications of the time covered by the poems; the most important of these indications is to be found in Sonnet CIV (where a three years' space is alluded to; compare with the earlier Sonnets, *e. g.* XXXIII "he was but one hour mine"). Time-indications are also perhaps to be found in the references to particular seasons in some of the Sonnets.

(iii) Certain Sonnets are suggestive of historical allusions, notably CVII and CXXIV, though it may at present be difficult to explain with certainty the events referred to.

(iv) One of the most striking features of the Sonnets is the poet's oft-repeated belief in the immortality of his poems (*e. g.* LV, LXIII, LXXXI, *etc.*): he was evidently following Horace's excellent precedent ("*exegi monumentum ære perennius*") in making his proud claim:—

> "Not marble, nor the gilded monument
> Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme."

(v) Side by side with this exultation we have the poet's sense of humiliation arising from his connection with the common stage (*cp.* XXIX).

(vi) Lastly, among the most noteworthy points on the very surface of the Sonnets, there is the poet's sensitiveness, showing itself in many forms, now in his passionate devotion, now in his regard for his reputation (CXXI), now in his jealous resentment of any rival near the throne of his love.

WHO WAS THE RIVAL POET?

Sonnets LXXIX–LXXXVI obviously refer to some particular poet. Various solutions have been advanced. Marlowe, Drayton, Daniel, have each been put forward, but no satisfactory case has been made out for any one of them. In all probability George Chapman is the poet referred to and characterized. In the dedication to his poem called *The Shadow of Night* (published in 1594) occur the following words:—"Now what a supererogation in wit this is, to think Skill so nightly pierced with their loves that she should prostitutely show them her secrets, when she will scarcely be looked upon by others *but with invocation, fasting, watching; yea, not without having drops of their souls like a heavenly familiar*"; these words seem almost reëchoed in Shakespeare's bantering allusion to "*that affable familiar ghost*," *etc.* "Chapman," [1] as Minto well observed, "was a man of overpowering enthusiasm, ever eager in magnifying poetry, and advancing fervent claims to supernatural inspiration."

"The proud full sail of his great verse" recalls Keat's famous sonnet, "*On first looking into Chapman's Homer*":— [2]

> "Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken;

[1] *Cp. Characteristics of English Poets*, pp. 222, 223, where the suggestion was first made that Chapman was the poet in question.

[2] Chapman first published seven books of the *Iliad* in 1598.

Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

THE DATE OF COMPOSITION

The *Sonnets* were first printed in the year 1609; "*The Passionate Pilgrim*," published in 1599, contained two Sonnets found in the 1609 volume, (viz. CXXXVIII, and CXLIV); Francis Meres in the *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, referred to Shakespeare's "sugred Sonnets among his private friends," and the reference may be to the collection, or part of the collection, under consideration.[1] This sums up the direct evidence we possess. Seeing, however, that Shakespeare, in 1593, styled his *Venus and Adonis* "the first heir of my invention," and that the poem on the *Rape of Lucrece* appeared the following year, it is perhaps fair to assume that 1594 may be the "*terminus a quo*" for the Sonnets.[2] Again we have the closest link between the Son-

[1] Mr. Tyler (*Shakespeare's Sonnets*, p. 19) makes the ingenious suggestion that Sonnet LV, "Not marble, nor the gilded monuments," etc., and more especially the line, "Not Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn," was suggested by Meres' reference to Shakespeare, etc.; the suggestion is certainly note-worthy:—

"As Ovid saith of his worke:—

'Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas':

And as Horace saith of his,—

'Exegi monumentum aere perennius,' etc.

So say I severally of Sir Philip Sidney's, Spencer's, Daniel's, Drayton's, Shakespeare's, and Warner's workes:—

'Non Jovis ira, imbres, Mars, ferrum, flamma, senectus,
Hoc opus unda, lues, turbo, venena ruent.'

Et quamquam ad pulcherrimum hoc opus evertendum tres illi Dii conspirabunt, cronus, Volcanus, et pater ipse gentis;—

'Non tamen annorum series, non flamma, nec ensis,
Æternum potuit hoc abolere dieus.'"

[2] In XCIV occurs the well-known line, "Lillies that fester smell far worse than weeds," which is also found in the Shakespearean play of

nets and the early love-plays, with their love-intrigues, their dark beauty (*e. g.* Rosaline in *Love's Labor's Lost*), their sonnet-dialogue, their dominating thought:—

> "Never durst poet touch a pen to write
> Until his ink were tempered with love's sighs."
> (*Love's Labor's Lost,* IV. iii.)

No long interval could have separated "*Romeo and Juliet*" and Sonnet CXVI, the poet's epitaph for the golden tomb raised to the lovers by their loveless kin,—the very epitome of all the songs and stories of Romantic passion that we have heard or read.

On the other hand, there are notes in the Sonnets suggestive of plays of a somewhat later period (*e. g.* Sonnets LXVI–LXXIV recall *Hamlet* and *Measure for Measure*): this note of introspection and melancholy must not be pressed too far, seeing that, even in the earliest plays, the clouds often darken suddenly.

We may perhaps assume that the earliest Sonnets belong to about 1595. If Sonnet CIV were taken strictly, the period covered would be (*circa*) 1595—(*circa*) 1598. The date, however, cannot be definitely fixed until we are in possession of some of the facts underlying the poems. True, Shakespeare seems to have unlocked his heart in these *Sonnets*, but the key to their secret history has been lost; patient labor may have recovered it; yet we cannot be sure; too often, perhaps, we merely force the lock." [1]

TO WHOM WERE THE SONNETS ADDRESSED?

The world of scholars may be said to be divided into Herbertists and Southamptonites; the former are staunch

Edward III, written probably in 1594, and entered on the books of the Stationers' Registers, December, 1595.

[1] It is impossible in this short preface to sketch, however briefly, the history of the interpretation of the *Sonnets;* according to some critics they are allegorical exercises, according to others partly personal, and partly dramatic (*cp.* Massey's *"Secret Drama of the Sonnets"*); the weightiest authorities support the view that the Sonnets express Shakespeare's "own feelings in his own person." (A summary of the various theories will be found in Prof. Dowden's edition of the *Sonnets* 1881.)

supporters of the claims advanced on behalf of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke; the latter maintain the prior claims of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton.

At the present moment the star of William Herbert is in the ascendant. Many a former ally of Southampton has rallied round the banner unfurled by Herbert's redoubtable champion, Mr. Thomas Tyler.[1]

WILLIAM HERBERT'S CLAIMS

William Herbert was born on April 8, 1580; in the spring of the year 1598 he came to reside permanently in London. Evidence exists that he was averse to marriage; he was, however, no misogynist. His intrigue with a notorious Mistress Mary Fitton has much in common with "the sensual fault" of "the better angel" of the *Sonnets*. The scandal belonged to 1600–1601.

The Herbertists assign the *Sonnets* to the years 1598–1601; the historical allusions in Sonnets CVII, CXXIV, are referred by them to the rebellion of Essex (1601); they maintain that nothing in the Sonnets invalidates their claims.

Furthermore, they rightly call attention to the fact that to William Herbert, together with his brother Philip, "the most noble and incomparable pair of brethren," was dedicated the First Folio Edition of Shakespeare's plays by Heminge & Condell, in 1623; and it is there stated that the two brothers prosecuted the plays and "their Author living with much favor."

Finally, it is alleged that Sonnets CXXXV, CXXXVI, CXLIII, afford conclusive evidence that the poems were addressed to "*Will.*"

[1] "*Shakespeare's Sonnets, edited by* Thomas Tyler" (David Nutt, 1890), contains a thorough investigation of William Herbert's connection with the *Sonnets,* together with a full account of Mary Fitton, and an admirable commentary; the arguments throughout the volume are based on careful investigation; the present writer, though he cannot as yet assent to the theory, cannot withhold his recognition of the excellence of the book.

THE CASE AGAINST HERBERT

According to the Herbertists the earliest date for any of the *Sonnets* must be 1598; but in that year Francis Meres refers to Shakespeare's "sugred Sonnets among his private friends"; it might indeed be argued that the reference is not to the present poems; but Meres also refers to Shakespeare's preëminence as a writer of comedies and tragedies, and instances six plays in each department. In Sonnet XVI, however, which Herbert's supporters assign to 1598, Shakespeare alludes to his "pupil pen." Is it likely he would have done so at that date?

Again in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, published in 1599, we find Sonnets CXXXVIII and CXLIV. Is it likely that between the spring of 1598 (when Herbert, a youth of eighteen, first came to town) and at latest some time in 1599 (when Jaggard piratically obtained what were probably two of the sonnets that Meres had referred to), Shakespeare and young Herbert had not only become friends, not only had their friendship ripened, but that the drama of their friendship had developed to the point indicated by the two sonnets in question?

The first group of sonnets (X–XXVI) link themselves unmistakably to the poems of *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*. How do the Herbertists account for Shakespeare's strange return in 1598 to his earlier mood and style?

The alleged references to "*Will*" as the name of the favored friend will not bear the test of examination. In each case the writer may be quibbling with his own name, or playing on "*will*" and "*wish*," in true Elizabethan fashion.[1]

There is, further, one small point worthy of note.

[1] In the early comedies the quibble is often found, *e. g.*:—

"*Silvia*] What's your will?
Proteus] That I may compass yours.
Silvia] You have your wish; my will is ever this, etc."

Two Gentlemen, IV. ii.

Shakespeare's pique at his friend's encouragement of another poet would hardly have been justifiable in the case of Herbert. The poet Daniel, who had been Herbert's tutor, and who was *par excellence* the poet of the Pembroke family, would have had the first place in his pupil's affection. The Sonnets in question certainly give the impression that Shakespeare was the first to receive encouragement from his patron, and that no other poet had prior claims.

Over and above all these doubts, tending to weaken the case of the Herbertists, there is the incontestable fact that the assignment of the *Sonnets* to Herbert gives the lie to Shakespeare's protestations of whole-hearted and exclusive devotion to his first patron, the Earl of Southampton, and convicts the poet of time-serving insincerity. What, then, becomes of his proud claim:—"No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change?"

SOUTHAMPTON'S CLAIMS

Henry Wriothesley was born October 6, 1573. His father and brother both died before he had reached the age of twelve. After taking his degree at Cambridge, 1589, he came to London, and entered Gray's Inn. He was the ward of Lord Burghley, and might not inaptly be described as "a child of state," brought up under the Queen. In 1593 *Venus and Adonis* appeared with its dedication to the young Lord; in 1594 *Lucrece* was published with its noteworthy declaration:—"What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours."

About this time he became recognized as the patron of learning and poetry (*cp.* Gabriel Harvey's *Letter*, with Sonnet to Southampton, 1593; Markham's *Sir R. Grenville*, 1595; Peele's *Anglorum Feriæ*, 1595; Florio's *Dictionary*, 1596; *etc.*). In September, 1595, Southampton fell in love with Elizabeth Vernon, the Earl of Essex's cousin; his love cost him the Queen's favor, and involved

him in a series of troubles. The marriage was hindered for about three years. During this time he was probably with Essex, as an unattached volunteer, at the attack at Cadiz, and did brave service against the Spaniards; owing, however, to false reports and misrepresentations, he received, as his reward, blame instead of praise from his unfriendly Sovereign: on March 17, 1598, Cecil introduced him, at Angers, to Henry IV, telling the King that Lord Southampton "was come with deliberation to do him service." His zeal was suddenly stopped by the Peace of Vervins, concluded in April of the same year; towards the end of the year he returned, and secretly married Elizabeth Vernon; his career during the remainder of the Queen's reign was fraught with misfortunes. He absented himself from the Court, and we hear of him in 1599 as "passing his time in London merely in going to plays every day." His connection with Essex's rebellion nearly cost him his life: the death-sentence was commuted to perpetual imprisonment. His subsequent history under James I does not directly concern us here; brief allusion must, however, be made to his release from the Tower at the King's accession. "These bountiful beginnings," wrote a contemporary, referring to the event, "raise all men's spirits, and put them in great hopes." There was universal joy; poets welcomed him with verses; notably Samuel Daniel, and John Davies of Hereford; the panegyric of the former poet tells that:—

> "The world had never taken so full note
> Of what thou art, hadst thou not been undone;
> And only thy affliction hath begot
> More fame, than thy best fortunes could have won";

while the latter, addressing the Earl, sings of the happy change in men's affairs:—

> "Then let's be merry in our God and King,
> That made us merry, being ill bestadd:
> Southampton, up thy cap to Heaven fling,
> And on the viol their sweet praises sing;
> For he is come that grace to all doth bring."

Whatever may have been men's feelings towards the hapless Essex, it is certain that there was no little affectionate sympathy for one at least of the fool-hardy rebels, "covered long with the ashes of great Essex his ruins." In their very jubilation there was silent disapproval of the Virgin Queen's petty tyranny towards her favorites. It is a significant fact that Shakespeare uttered no word of lament on the Queen's death; Chettle, in his *England's Mourning Garment* (1603), reproached him for his silence:—

> "Nor doth the silver-tonguèd Melicert
> Drop from his honied Muse one sable tear
> *To mourn her death that gracèd his desert*
> *And to his laies opened her royall eare.*
> Shepherd, remember our Elizabeth
> And sing her rape done by that Tarquin, Death."

Mr. Gerald Massey [1] maintains that Sonnet CVII was Shakespeare's written gratulation, welcoming his friend from "the gloom of a prison on his way to a palace, and the smile of a monarch." According to this quasi-Southamptonist, the eclipse of "the mortal moon" is an allusion to Elizabeth's death. The Herbertists, emphasizing the word "endured," rightly point out that the moon is imagined as having endured her eclipse, and come out none the less bright, and refer the Sonnet to Essex's abortive attempt. But certainly a better case can be made out for a reference to the Peace of Vervins, 1598, which meant the ruin of Philip's projects in France, and the assertion of English supremacy at sea; by it all danger from Spain quietly passed away:—

> "Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
> And peace proclaims olives of endless age."

For five years England had been forced to aid Henry IV with men and money, lest France might be turned into a Spanish dependency; it was indeed a time of "incertain-

[1] *"The Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets,"* p. 333.

ties" for England. Shakespeare's *Love's Labor's Lost* reflects the popular interest in Henry's affairs; while *The Comedy of Errors* in Act III, sc. ii, quibblingly alludes to France "armed and reverted, making war against her *hair*' (*i. e. heir*).

The "thralled discontent" of Sonnet CXXIV, which the Herbertists assign to 1601 and refer to the severe measures by which Essex's rebellion was put down, may perhaps refer to the growing feelings of discontent which were ultimately to find expression in insane revolt.

The whole Sonnet reads like a protestation on Shakespeare's part; though his friend, "the child of state," has suffered Fortune's spite,[1] the poet's love, being no child of state, fears no policy, and knows no change: it is indifferent alike to Fortune's smiles and Fortune's frowns.

This idea is continued in Sonnet CXXV: friendship is founded neither on self-interest, nor on transitory attractions. The poet resents the bare thought that he valued pomp, grandeur and prosperity, and was merely a "fair-weather" friend:—[2]

> "No let me be obsequious in thy heart
> And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
> Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,
> But mutual render, only me for thee.
> Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul
> When most impeach'd stands least in thy control."

The Herbertists explain the poem as Shakespeare's apology for his defection from Southampton, "at this time suffering imprisonment as a convicted rebel!"

But in one of the Sonnets of the same group (CII) the poet definitely identifies the friend addressed with the patron of his early poems:—

> "Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
> When I was wont to greet it with my lays";

while XXVI almost echoes the *Lucrece* dedication.

[1] On November 22, 1598, Southampton returned from the Continent; "for his welcome," we read, "he is committed to the Fleet."

[2] *Cp.* Sonnet XXV.

According to the Southamptonites, Sonnets C–CXXVI [1] belong to the year 1598 (the Peace of Vervins was concluded in April; Southampton was away from February to November), Sonnet CIV giving the period of the whole series as ranging from 1595 at earliest. As regards the interval between I–XCIX and C–CXXVI, and the dates of the smaller groups, theorists are not at one. It is not unlikely that the first ninety-nine were written during 1595 (before September) and 1596 (before August, when Shakespeare's little Hamnet died). There would thus be a silence of about a year and a half, before Shakespeare stirred up his "forgetful Muse." In the interval some "vulgar scandal" had occurred, involving the poet's reputation, and to this he refers in CX–CXII; it is difficult to determine what this trouble actually was; the Oldcastle-Falstaff affair would certainly suit so far as the date (1597) is concerned, but the matter seems to have been much more serious. A somewhat stronger case could perhaps be made out for the Herbertists' view, which connects the scandal with "the quarrel known as the *War of the theatres*," 1600–1601. Neither theory will adequately explain the tone of Sonnet CXXI.

As regards the first group of Sonnets (I–XXVI), if they were written before Southampton had become enamored of Elizabeth Vernon, it is easy to understand the omission of further reference to the marriage theme in the subsequent Sonnets.[2]

Sonnets XL, XLII, (and Section B, CXXVII–CLII connected with them) must, according to the supporters of Southampton's claim, be referred to 1595. In connection with this early date it is perhaps fair to mention a curious publication of the year 1594 entitled *Willobie his Avisa*,

[1] Perhaps C–CXXV would be better; the *envoi* CXXVI was perhaps originally the concluding poem of Sonnets I–XCIX.

[2] Mr. Fleay, however, holds that these Sonnets were written after Southampton had met Elizabeth Vernon in 1595 (*vide "Chronicle History of the Drama,"* where Mr. Fleay's whole theory is carefully elaborated; though many a point here and there is doubtful, the high value of the essay is incontestable).

or the true Picture of a Modest maid and of a Chaste and Constant Life, which tells how a young married woman Avice resists successively the wooing of a Frenchman, an Anglo-German, and an "*old player, W. S.*, who not long before tried the courtesy of the like passion"; finally H. W. ("Italo Hispalensis") becomes infected with a fantastical fit, and consults W. S., who gives him valuable advice. There can be no doubt that "Henry Willobie's" alleged authorship is a literary hoax, and that the publication contained matter of a satirical and perhaps libelous nature; hence in 1596 it was "called in" with Hall's *Satires* and Cutwode's *Caltha Poetarum.* "H. W." and "W. S.," suggestive of Henry Wriothesley and William Shakespeare may of course be purely accidental, but the coincidence is remarkable, and the evidence, whatever its value, cannot be suppressed. It should be added that there are prefatory lines in praise of *Avisa*, wherein Shakespeare, perhaps for the first time in literature, is referred to by name:—"*And Shake-speare paints poor Lucrece's rape.*" Was the reference ironical? [1]

THE PUBLISHER'S EVIDENCE

Initials are troublesome ciphers. "H. W." and "W. S" allure the readers of *Willobie his Avisa*, while "Mr. W. H." of the Dedication prefacing the Sonnets has afforded intellectual exercise to generations of scholars.

Had the publisher been aware of the contentions of posterity as to the history of the Sonnets, he could not, in a diabolical mood, have invented a more protean dedication. The Herbertists naturally interpret "Mr. W. H." as standing for "Mr. William Herbert (Earl of Pembroke)," and "begetter" as meaning "inspirer"; the Southamptonites suggest that the publisher reversed the initials of "Henry Wriothesley," so as to half-conceal his connection with the facts referred to in the Sonnets.

[1] A reprint of *Willobie* is to be found among Dr. Grosart's privately printed issues. The particular Chapter referred to above is printed in the *"Shakespeare Allusion Book."* (*New Shak. Soc.*)

Others allege that "begetter" is used in the sense of "obtainer," "procurer," "dedicatee," and various dedicatees have been found answering the requirements of the initials in question—William Hughes, William Hathaway, William Hart, William Hervey (Southampton's step-father), and, actually, WILLIAM HIMSELF!" [1]

T. T. has set the world a conundrum, which will probably bring him immortal fame: as yet no solution has been finally accepted.

CONTEMPORARY SONNET SEQUENCES

The date, 1594–1598, would bring Shakespeare's *Sonnets* into line with the chief Sonnet productions of the period:—Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, published 1591; Daniel's *Delia*, 1592; Constable's *Diana*, 1592; Fletcher's *Licia*, 1593; Barnes' *Parthenophil*, 1593; Drayton's *Idea*, 1594; Spenser's *Amoretti*, 1594; Lodge's *Phillis*, 1595; Chapman's *Coronet for his Mistress Philosophy*, 1595. It would certainly seem that the writing of Love-Sonnets culminated in 1594–5.[2] As far as the form of his Sonnets

[1] George Wither seems to have anticipated this stupendous discovery, due to Germanic genius, when he inscribed his satires thus:—*"G. W. Wisheth Himself all happiness."*

It has been suggested that Ben Jonson ostensibly alluded to "T. T.'s" inscription, when he dedicated his Epigrams to the Earl of Pembroke:—*"While you* cannot change your merit, *I dare not change your title.* . . . When I made them I had nothing in my conscience to expressing of which I *did need a cipher."*

[2] Mr. Massey in his *Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets* points out some striking reminiscences of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* (as well as of the *Arcadia*), more especially with reference to a number of the earliest sonnets).

Shakespeare's *Sonnets* and the 1599 revised edition of Drayton's *Idea* contain some remarkable parallel passages; it seems most likely that Drayton was the borrower. Mr. Tyler cannot detect any allusion in Drayton's work to Sonnets C–CXXVI. The following specimen of Drayton will best illustrate his debt:—

> "An evil spirit your beauty haunts me still,
> Wherewith, alas, I have been long possest,
> Which ceaseth not to tempt me vnto ill,

is concerned, Shakespeare seems to have been influenced by contemporary sonneteers, and perhaps more especially by Daniel, in abandoning the Petrarchan type, and building up his sonnet of three quatrains and a final couplet. Some critics have censured Shakespeare for departing from the more complex Italian type, but "the quest of the Shakespeare Sonnet is not, like that of the sonnet of octave and sestet, sonority, and so to speak, metrical counterpoint, but sweetness; and the sweetest of all possible arrangements in English versification is a succession of decasyllabic quatrains in alternate rhymes knit together and clinched by a couplet—a couplet coming not so far from the initial verse as to lose its binding power, and yet not so near the initial verse that the ring of epigram disturbs the "linked sweetness long drawn out" of this movement, but sufficiently near to shed its influence over the poem back to the initial verse."

Enthusiasts for the Miltonic Sonnet, with its "observance of strict laws of composition," condemn Shakespeare's deviation from the stricter type, and declare that "the so-called Sonnets" are not sonnets at all, but a continuous poem, or poems, written in fourteen-line stanzas: but from the experimental days of Surrey and Wyatt the form employed by Shakespeare had been the favorite sonnet-type

> Nor gives me once but one pore minutes rest.
> . . . . . .
> Thus am I still provok'd to every evil
> By this good wicked spirit, sweet Angel-devil."

Marston's *Pigmalion's Image and Certaine Satyres*, published in 1598, contains a passage strongly resembling Sonnet XXXII, lines 10-14, and more especially the words "To march in ranks of better equipage"; Marston's lines speak of

> "Stanzaes like odd bands
> Of voluntaries and mercenarians:
> Which like soldados of our warlike age,
> March rich bedight in warlike equipage."

I cannot agree with Mr. Tyler that it may be maintained, with confidence that Marston's poem preceded Shakespeare's.

of English poets. It were easy to combat Mark Pattison's bold pronouncement, that "the example of Shakespeare, and the veneration due to that mighty name, has exercised a misleading influence on our sonnetists." Milton's exaltation implies no rivalry with Shakespeare,—theirs are "two glory-smitten summits of the poetic mountain."

> "The tongue of England, that which myriads
> Have spoken and will speak, were paralyzed
> Hereafter, but two mighty men stand forth
> Above the flight of ages, two alone;
> One crying out,
> *All nations spoke thro' me.*
>
> The other:
>
> *True; and thro' this trumpet burst*
> *God's word; the fall of Angels, and the doom*
> *First of immortal, then of mortal, Man;*
> *Glory! be glory! not to me, to God.*"

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

A book called *Shakespeare's Sonnets* was entered at the Stationers' by Thomas Thorpe, on May 20, 1609. In the course of the same year was issued a small quarto volume of forty leaves, with the following title-page: "Shakespeare's Sonnets. Never before imprinted. At London: By G. Eld for T. T., and are to be sold by William Aspley." The name of Thomas Thorpe in the entry at the Stationers' ascertains him to be the person meant by the initials T. T. in the title-page. It is remarkable that in some copies of the edition of 1609, the title-page has "are to be sold by John Wright, dwelling at Christ Church gate." In all other respects, both the title-pages and the whole printing of the different copies of 1609 are exactly alike; which shows them to be all of one and the same edition. What may have been the cause or purpose of the difference specified, is not known, nor is it of any consequence.

Thorpe stood somewhat eminent in his line of business, and his edition of the Sonnets was accompanied with a bookseller's dedication very quaint and affected both in the style of wording and of printing; the printing being in small capitals with a period after each word, and the wording thus: "To the only begetter of these ensuing Sonnets, Mr. W. H., all happiness, and that eternity promised by our everliving Poet, wisheth the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth, T. T."

There was no other edition of the *Sonnets* till 1640, when they were republished by Thomas Cotes, but in a totally different order from that of 1609, being cut up,

seemingly at random, into seventy-four little poems, with a quaint heading to each, and with parts of *The Passionate Pilgrim* interspersed. This edition is not regarded as of any authority, save as showing that within twenty-four years after the Poet's death the *Sonnets* were so far from being thought to have that unity of cause, or purpose, or occasion, which has since been attributed to them, as to be set forth under an arrangement quite incompatible with any such idea.

Meres, in his *Wit's Treasury*, 1598, speaks of it thus: "As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagothus, so the sweet, witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare: witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugared *Sonnets* among his private friends." This ascertains that a portion, at least, of the *Sonnets* were written, and well known in private circles, before 1598. It naturally infers, also, that they were written on divers occasions and for divers persons, some of them being intended, perhaps, as personal compliments, and others merely as exercises of fancy. Copies of them were most likely multiplied, to some extent, in manuscript; since this would naturally follow both from their intrinsic excellence, and from the favor with which the mention of them by Meres shows them to have been regarded. Probably the author added to the number from time to time after 1598; and as he grew in public distinction and private acquaintance, there would almost needs have been a growing ambition or curiosity among his friends and admirers, to have each as large a collection of these little treasures as they could. What more natural or likely than that, among those to whom, in this course of private circulation, they became known, there should be some one person or more, perhaps of humbler name, who took pride and pleasure in making or procuring transcripts of as many as he could hear of, and thus getting together, if possible, a full set of them?

Two of the *Sonnets*, as we shall see hereafter, the CXXXVIII and the CXLIV, were printed, with some

variations, as a part of *The Passionate Pilgrim* in 1599. In the same publication, which was doubtless made ignorantly and without authority, there are also several others, especially the IV, VI, and IX, which, if really Shakespeare's, have as much right to a place among the *Sonnets* as many that are already there. At all events, the fact of those two being thus detached and appearing by themselves may be fairly held to argue a good deal as to the manner in which the *Sonnets* were probably written and circulated.

We have seen that Thorpe calls the "Mr. W. H.," to whom he dedicates his edition, "the only begetter of these ensuing *Sonnets*." The word *begetter* has been commonly understood as meaning the person who was the cause or occasion of the *Sonnets* being written, and to whom they were originally addressed. The taking of the word in this sense has caused a great deal of controversy, and exercised a vast amount of critical ingenuity, in endeavoring to trace a thread of continuity through the whole series, and to discover the person who had the somewhat equivocal honor of *begetting* or inspiring them. And such, no doubt, is the natural and proper sense of the word; but what it might mean in the mouth of one so anxious, apparently, to speak out of the common way, is a question not so easily settled. That the *Sonnets* could not, in this sense, have been *all* begotten by *one* person, has to be admitted; for if it be certain that some of them were addressed to a man, it is equally certain that others were addressed to a woman. But the word *begetter* is found to have been sometimes used in the sense of *obtainer* or *procurer;* and such is clearly the only sense which, in Thorpe's affected language, it will bear, consistently with the internal evidence of the *Sonnets* themselves. As for the theories, therefore, which have mainly grown from taking Thorpe's *only begetter* to mean *only inspired*, we shall set them all aside, and practically ignore them, as being totally impertinent to the subject. We have not the slightest doubt, that "the only begetter of these ensuing Sonnets" was simply the person who made

or procured transcripts of them, and got them all together, either for his own use or for publication, and to whom Thorpe was indebted for his copy of them. The same view is taken by Knight and Collier.

But Thorpe wishes to his Mr. W. H. "that eternity promised by our ever-living Poet." Promised by the Poet to whom? To "Mr. W. H.," or to himself, or to some one else? For aught appears to the contrary, it may be to either one, or perhaps two, of these; for in some of the *Sonnets*, as the XVIII and XIX, the Poet promises an eternity of youth and fame both to his verse and to the person he is addressing. Here may be the proper place for remarking, that in a line of the XX,—"A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,"—the original prints *hues* in Italic and with a capital, *Hews*, just as *Will* is printed in the CXXXV and CXXXVI, where the author is evidently playing upon his own name. It was not uncommon for *hues* to be spelt *hews* and printed with a capital, *Hews*. Tyrwhitt, however, conjectured that in this case a play was intended on the name of *Hughes*, and that W. Hughes was the "Mr. W. H." of Thorpe's dedication, and the person addressed in the *Sonnets*. If the Sonnet in question were meant to be continuous with that which precedes, the Poet certainly perpetrated a very palpable anticlimax in the writing of it. Knight groups it along with the LIII, LIV, and LV, as forming a cluster or little poem by themselves. Whether this grouping be right, seems very questionable; but it is barely possible that the XX and those belonging with it may have been addressed to a personal friend of the Poet's, named W. Hughes, who was the *procurer* of the whole series for publication: we say *barely possible*, and that seems the most that can be said about it.

Great effort has been made, to find in the Sonnets some deeper or other meaning than meets the ear, and to fix upon them, generally, a personal and autobiographical character. It must indeed be owned that there is in several of them an earnestness of tone, and in some few a subdued pathos, which strongly

argues them to be expressions of the Poet's real feelings respecting himself, his condition, and the person or persons addressed. This is particularly the case with the series of thirteen, beginning with CIX. Something the same may be said of the XXVI and the other two which Knight groups with it, the XXIII and XXV, where we find a striking resemblance to some expressions used in the dedications of the *Venus and Adonis*, and the *Lucrece*. But, as to the greater part of the *Sonnets*, we grow more and more persuaded that they were intended mainly as flights or exercises of fancy, thrown into the form of a personal address, and written, it may be, in some cases at the instance or in compliment of the Poet's personal friends, and perhaps mingling an element of personal interest or allusion, merely as a matter of art; whatsoever there is personal in them being thus kept subordinate and incidental to poetical beauty and effect. For example, in CXXXVIII, than which few have more appearance of being autobiographical, the Poet speaks of himself as being old, and says his "days are past the best"; yet this was printed in 1599, when he was but thirty-five years of age. Surely, in that case, his reason for using such language must have been, that it suited his purpose as a poet, not that it was true of his age as a man.

Much light is thrown on these remarkable effusions by the general style of sonneteering then in vogue, as exemplified in the sonnets of Spenser, Drayton, and Daniel. In these, too, though unquestionably designed mainly as studies or specimens of art, the authors, while speaking in the form of a personal address, and as if revealing their own actual thoughts and inward history, are continually using language and imagery that clearly had not and could not have any truth or fitness save in reference to their purpose as poets. In proportion to the genius and art of the men, these sonnets have, as much as Shakespeare's, the appearance of being autobiographical, and of disclosing the true personal sentiments and history of the authors; except, as already mentioned, in some few cases where Words-

worth is probably right in saying of the sonnet, that "with this key Shakespeare unlock'd his heart." We have spoken of the strong confidence which Shakespeare expresses repeatedly in the *Sonnets*, that his lines would both possess and confer an eternity of youth and fame. It is remarkable that all three of the other poets named use language of precisely the same import in their sonnets, and use it repeatedly. It seems, indeed, to have been at that time a sort of stereotyped matter in sonnet-writing. Thus in Spenser's 75th sonnet:

> "My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,
> And in the heavens write your glorious name;
> Where, when as death shall all the world subdue,
> Our love shall live, and later life renew."

And he has the same thought in at least two other sonnets. So too, in Drayton's 44th:

> "And though in youth my youth untimely perish,
> To keep thee from oblivion and the grave,
> Ensuing ages yet my rhymes shall cherish,
> Where I entomb'd my better part shall save;
> And though this earthly body fade and die,
> My name shall mount upon eternity."

A similar strain occurs in his 6th. The same promise of eternity is also met with in two of Daniel's. Thus in his 41st:

> "How many live, the glory of whose name
> Shall rest in ice, when thine is grav'd in marble!
> Thou may'st in after ages live esteem'd,
> Unburied in these lines, reserv'd in pureness;
> These shall entomb those eyes that have redeem'd
> Me from the vulgar, thee from all obscureness."

In short, it was a common fashion of the time, in sonnet-writing, for authors to speak in an ideal or imaginary character as if it were their real one, and to attribute to themselves certain thoughts and feelings, merely because it suited their purpose, and was a part of their art as poets, so to do. And this, we make no doubt, is the true key

to the mystery which has puzzled so many critics in the *Sonnets* of Shakespeare. In writing sonnets, he naturally fell into the current style of the age; only, by how much he surpassed the others in dramatic power, by so much was he better able to express ideal sentiments as if they were his own, and to pass, as it were, out of himself into the characters he had imagined or assumed.

Knight has some remarks on this point, which are so apt and well-put that we cannot forbear quoting them. "It must not be forgotten," says he, "that in an age when the Italian models of poetry were so diligently cultivated, imaginary loves and imaginary jealousies were freely admitted into verses which appeared to address themselves to the reader in the personal character of the poet. Regarding a poem, whether a sonnet or an epic, essentially as a work of *art*, the artist was not careful to separate his own identity from the sentiments and situations which he delineated; any more than the pastoral poets of the next century were solicitous to tell their readers that their Corydons and Phyllises were not absolutely themselves and their mistresses. The *Amoretti* of Spenser, for example, consisting of eighty-eight Sonnets, is also a puzzle to all those who regard such productions as necessarily autobiographical. These poems were published in 1596; in several passages a date is somewhat distinctly marked; for there are lines which refer to the completion of *The Faerie Queene*, and to Spenser's appointment to the laureateship. And yet they are full of the complaints of an unrequited love, and of a disdainful mistress, at a period when Spenser was married, and settled with his family in Ireland.

"We believe that, taken as works of art, having a certain degree of continuity, the sonnets of Spenser, of Daniel, of Drayton, of Shakespeare, although in many instances they might shadow forth real feelings, and be outpourings of the inmost heart, were presented to the world as exercises of fancy, and were received by the world as such. The most usual form which such compositions assumed was that of love-verses. Spenser's *Amoretti* are entirely of this

character, as their name implies: Daniel's, which are fifty-seven in number, are all addressed "To Delia": Drayton's, which he calls "Ideas," are somewhat more miscellaneous in their character. In 1593 was also published *Licia, or Poems of Love, in honor of the admirable and singular virtues of his Lady.* This book contains fifty-two sonnets, all conceived in the language of passionate affection and extravagant praise. And yet the author, in his address to the reader, says,—"If thou muse what my Licia is, take her to be some Diana, at the least chaste, or some Minerva; no Venus, fairer far. It may be she is Learning's image, or some heavenly wonder, which the precisest may not mislike: perhaps under that name I have shadowed Discipline." This fashion of sonnet-writing upon a continuous subject prevailed, thus, about the period of the publication of the *Venus and Adonis* and the *Lucrece*, when Shakespeare had taken his rank among the poets of the time, independent of his dramatic rank."

Taking this view of the matter, we of course do not search after any thread or principle of continuity running through the whole series of *Sonnets*, or any considerable portion of them. We hold them to have been strictly fragmentary in conception and execution, written at divers times and from various motives; addressed sometimes, perhaps, to actual persons, sometimes to ideal; and, for the most part, weaving together the real and the imaginary sentiments of the author, as would best serve the end of poetical beauty and effect. In a word, we think he wrote them mainly as an artist, not as a man, though as an artist acting more or less upon the incidents and suggestions of his actual experience. Doubtless, too, in divers cases, several of them have a special unity and coherence among themselves, being run together in continuous sets or clusters, and forming separate poems. This avoids the endless mirage of conflicting theories that has gathered about them, and also clears up the perplexity and confusion which one cannot but feel while reading them under an idea or persuasion of their being a continuous whole.

We give the *Sonnets*, it will be seen, in the same order and arrangement as they stand in the original edition, believing that this ought not to be interfered with, until the question shall be better settled as to the order in which they should be given. Nevertheless, we are far from thinking this order to be the right one; on the contrary, we hold it to be in divers particulars very much disordered. It seems quite evident that there is a good deal of misplacement and confusion among them; sometimes those being scattered here and there, which belong together, sometimes one set being broken by the thrusting in of a detached member of another set. For instance, the three sonnets playing upon the Poet's name clearly ought to be set together, yet they are printed as the CXXXV, CXXXVI, and CXLIII, the last of the trio being thus separated from the rest by the interposition of six jumbled together, apparently, from their proper connection in other sets. So, again, the CXXVII, CXXXI, and the CXXXII, clearly ought to stand together, being continuous alike in the subject and in the manner of treating it. Numerous other cases of like dislocation might be cited, but there is no need of dwelling on the matter here.

We have no ground for supposing that Thorpe's edition of the *Sonnets* was made under the supervision or with the sanction of the Poet. The internal evidence all makes against the notion of the author having any hand in getting the work out; and as for external evidence, there is none bearing on the point. We have found, in connection with the plays, abundant proof that Shakespeare's reputation rendered many publishers very eager to grace their establishments with his workmanship. Thorpe did not publish any other of his writings, nor does he anywhere but in this one instance appear in connection with his name. That his issue of the *Sonnets* was anywise fraudulent or surreptitious, is more than we have any right to say; neither, on the other hand, is there any sign of its having been done with the author's allowance or consent. Probably, as the business was then conducted, a publisher was

held justifiable, in law and honor, in catching such matter where and as he could, provided he did not directly interfere with the known interest of anybody else in the same line. And so, as regards the issue in question, perhaps the most that can be said for it is, that it was with the Poet's connivance. The *Sonnets* were floating about in circulation, and their excellence had become matter of public fame. There was cause enough why a publisher should be glad to come by a copy of them, and perhaps to reward, with compliments or cash, any one who would get together, for his use, as many of them as he could find. "Mr. W. H." probably served in this capacity. And for the order and arrangement of them, there was most likely nothing better than the ignorance or caprice of the procurer or the publisher. It is nowise improbable that some may have been mistakenly included which were not really Shakespeare's, nor, again, that he may have written some which were not obtained.

The whole question of the *Sonnets* has been sifted and scrutinized with much care and ability in Knight's *Shakespeare*, the writer endeavoring to sort and arrange them on a principle of internal fitness and congruity. Probably his order is not in all points satisfactory; but it seems, at all events, a great improvement on the old disorder; and we would not that the settling of a better arrangement should be hindered by having too many innovations adopted or proposed.

Touching the merit of the *Sonnets*, there need not much be said. Some of them would hardly do credit to a schoolboy, while many are such as it may well be held an honor even to Shakespeare to have written; there being nothing of the kind in the language at all approaching them, except a few of Milton's and a good many of Wordsworth's. That in these the Poet should have sometimes rendered his work excessively frigid with the euphuistic conceits and affectations of the time, is far less wonderful than the exquisite beauty, and often more than beauty, of sentiment and imagery that distinguishes a large portion of them.

Many might be pointed out, which, with perfect clearness and compactness of thought, are resplendent with the highest glories of imagination; others are replete with the tenderest pathos; others again are compact of graceful fancy and airy elegance; while in all these styles there are specimens perfectly steeped in the melody of sounds and numbers, as if the thought were born of music, and the music interfused with its very substance. Wordsworth gives it as his opinion, that "there is no part of the writings of his Poet, where is found, in an equal compass, a greater number of exquisite feelings felicitously expressed."

ANALYSIS

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

A.—"THE BETTER ANGEL": i–cxxvi

I. LOVE'S ADORATION: i–xxvi

Beauty and goodness must live on
- in the beloved's children (i–xvi)
- in the poet's verse (xvii–xxv)

Envoy (xxvi)

II. LOVE'S TRIALS: xxvii–xcix

(*a*) The bitterness of absence (xxvii–xxxii)
- The sense of loss (xxvii, xxviii)
- Night-Thoughts
  - The poet's outcast state (xxix)
  - Bereavements (xxx)
- Love dispels the gloom (xxix–xxxi)

Envoy (xxxii)

Love in Absence

Interval.

(*b*) Love's first disillusioning (xxxiii–xlii)
- "He was but one hour mine" (xxxiii)
- Love's excuses (xxxv; xli)
- Love's self-disparagement (xxxvi; xxxvii)
- Love's willing pain (xxxviii)
- Love's self-denial (xxxix–xl)
- The gain of loss (xlii)
- Forgiveness.
- (?) *Envoy* (xlii)

Interval.

(*c*) Love's longings and prophetic fears (xliii–lv)
- Love-longing (xliii–xlvii)
- Fears (xlviii)
- Self-abasement (xlix)
- The journey from, contrasted with journey to, his friend (l, li)
- The pleasures of hope (lii)
- The pleasures of imagination (liii)
- Love's assurance (liv)

Envoy (lv)

Love in Absence

Interval.

(*d*) Love's growing distrust and melancholy (lvi–lxxv)

- Love must watch and wait and believe (lvi–lviii)
- Despite ancient doctrines (lix–lx)
- Nevertheless distrustful thoughts arise (lxi)
- Introspection and self-accusation (lxii–lxiii)
- Melancholy thoughts (lxiv–lxvii; lxxi–lxxiii)
- The beloved's beauty redeems the world (lxix)
- Detractors are slanderers (lxx)
- The solace of poetry (lxxiv)
- *Envoy* (lxxv)

Interval.

(*e*) Love's jealousy (lxxv–xcvi)

- The poet's reply to his critics (lxxvi, lxxvii)
- Alien pens (lxxviii)
- The rival poet (lxxix–lxxxvi)
- The poet's rude awakening (lxxxvii)
- His devotion constant, though mutual love at an end (lxxxviii, lxxxix)
- He longs for the full force of Fortune's spite (xc)
- The possession of his friend's love alone made him truly fortunate (xci)
- Happily, its loss means loss of life (xcii)
- But he must not deceive himself,
- A sweet face may harbor false thoughts (xciii)
- 'Tis a sign of greatness to be self-contained (xciv)
- But the great must beware of corruption (xcv)
- Beauty and grace cannot always transfigure vice (xcv)
- *Envoy* (xcvi)

Interval. — **Love in Absence**

(*f*) Love's farewell tribute (xcvii, xcix)
- Absence in Summer and Autumn (xcvii)
- Absence in Spring (xcviii)
- *Envoy* (xcix)

Interval of a year or two

III. LOVE'S TRIUMPH: C–CXXVI

The re-awakening (c)
Time cannot change the beloved (civ)
Chivalrous poetry prophetic of his friend (cvi)
Love finds new conceits (cviii)
Love and pity (cxii)
Love grows stronger through error (cxv)
Error tests friendship (cxvii–cxix)
The poet rebuts malicious charges (cxxi)
The poet's love not "the child of state" (cxxiv)
The poet's silence (cii; ciii)
The poet's eulogies (cv)
Love survives ill-forebodings (cvii)
The poet's confessions (cix–cxi)
Love's Imaginings (cxiii; cxiv)
Love superior to dangers and trials (cxvi)
Still apologetic (cxx–cxxii)
Love conquers Time (cxxiii)
The poet resents the calumny of being a time-server (cxxv)
Envoy (cxxvi)

B.—"THE WORSER SPIRIT": CXXVII–CLII
(Cp. XXXIII–XLII)

C.—"LOVE'S FIRE": CLIII–CLIV

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

THE "W. H."

As Southampton's family name was Henry Wriothesley, the W. H. may have applied to him. But these two letters coincide perfectly with the name of another noble patron of Shakespeare's, the already mentioned Earl of Pembroke, William Herbert; and J. Boaden has proved, moreover, that the life, age and character of the subsequent Earl of Pembroke are in accordance with the hints and indications suggested by the Sonnets. However, A. Dyce justly replies that it is in the highest degree improbable, that a publisher of that time would have ventured publicly to address the Earl of Pembroke as Mr. W. H. This objection, of course, applies with equal force to the opinion which supposes the W. H. to refer to Southampton. We must, therefore, again admit that we do not know, nor can we even guess, to whom the mysterious dedication was addressed. On the other hand, however, according to the natural sense of the words, it proves this much, that the Sonnets are not only addressed to one definite person, but that they arose from the poet's personal circumstances and relations to this person—the only begetter—and with this we may at any rate rest satisfied.—Ulrici, *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art.*

THE CLAIMS OF SOUTHAMPTON

The rival claims of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, have been kept in the background by the extravagance of some of his advocates, as well as by apparent dis-

crepancies, which a more minute scrutiny of his history does much to remove. Seven years older than Pembroke (he was born October 6, 1573), he was already, when Shakespeare made his acquaintance in 1592, among the most brilliant figures at court. The words in which Shakespeare dedicated to him, in 1593 and 1594, the *Venus and Adonis* and the *Lucrece*, show that their acquaintance swiftly ripened into intimate friendship. Many other men of letters enjoyed his patronage. Nash (1594), Gervase Markham (1595), Florio (1596) dedicated works to him; Barnabe Barnes (1593) and Gabriel Harvey (1593) addressed him in enthusiastic Sonnets. His portraits attest his personal beauty. He resisted the wish of his mother and his guardian (Burleigh) to find him a wife (1593). Two years later he fell in love with Elizabeth Vernon, a Maid of Honor, secretly married her in 1598, and incurred thereby the Queen's lasting resentment. During the autumn of 1599, in disgrace at court, he is recorded o have passed his time "merely in going to plays every day." He joined in Essex's conspiracy, and it was Shakespeare's *Richard II* that they chose as a provocative on the eve of action. Narrowly escaping his friend's fate, he passed the rest of the reign in prison. His prompt release by James was welcomed with a jubilant outburst of song from his wide literary *clientèle.*

What we know of Southampton's career sufficiently satisfies the meager biographical data of the Sonnets; but its acceptance leaves many problems still unsolved. The dark lady remains as mysterious as before. The determination of date is not altogether clear. The first Sonnets must be referred to the days when "our love was new" (CII), that is, to 1593–95. This is one of a group of retrospective Sonnets, some of which, such as CIV, must be placed three years later, others possibly later still. Mr. Lee holds that CVII celebrates Southampton's release from prison on the accession of James.—Herford, *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

THE PERSONALITY OF THE SONNETS

Mr. Dyce was the first, I believe, to advance the opinion that most of these sonnets were composed "in an assumed character on different subjects and at different times." This supposition is in accordance with the custom of Shakespeare's day for poets to write songs and sonnets for the use of those who could not write verse themselves. Sometimes this was done for friendship's sake, sometimes for money, and often for the mere pleasure of both parties. That Shakespeare, who had such facility with his pen, and who seems to have been so obliging and so sociable, and whom we know to have been so thrifty, should not have had occasion to conform to this literary custom of his time, would have been hardly credible, even without that singularly phrased testimony of Francis Meres, "his sugred sonnets *among his private friends*." By these words Meres seems to point directly to such an origin for at least some sonnets which Shakespeare had written before 1598. But were the sonnets to which Meres refers those which have come down to us? For unless we can regard the sonnets which were published in 1609, and which are all of Shakespeare's that are known to exist, as mere fanciful exercises in poetry, we must ask, Would Shakespeare, or the man for whom he wrote, have shown about among his friends these evidences of so profound an emotion, these witnesses of an internal struggle that went near to shatter his whole being? I confess that I can neither believe that he would, nor quite accept, as I once did, the alternative. It is, however, to be observed, that Shakespeare, who so carefully published his *Venus and Adonis*, and his *Lucrece*, and who looked so sharply after his interests, did not publish his sonnets, although he must have known how eagerly they would have been sought by the public—a fact which favors the supposition that they, like the plays, had been sold, and were not properly under his control. On the other hand, the fact that he for whom the sonnets speak is described as one who knows his "years be past the best," as "beaten

and chopped with tanned antiquity," and as having "traveled on to age's sleepy night," which I was inclined to regard as evidence that Shakespeare could not have written them in his own person, because in 1598 he was but thirty-four years old, and in 1609 but forty-five, has no such significance. There is evidence enough that in those days a man was called old and even aged, when he had passed the freshness of his first youth. Even in 1641–1642 Sir Simonds d'Ewes, the great authority on precedents of the Long Parliament, and who was its manuscript chronicler, was styled "an ancient gentlemen," and he was then but thirty-nine years old. In those days men seem to have shown the marks of age sooner than they do now. They lived harder lives, put less restraint upon their passions, gave emotion freer way, drank more alcohol, went through much wear and tear which the experience of the race has taught us to avoid; and even among the wealthy classes they enjoyed less of those daily household comforts which by affording present ease husband the vital energies. . . . . For whom these sonnets were written, if they were indeed vicarious, it is more difficult to discover, than to whom they were addressed. I have, I confess, no opinion upon the subject which is at all satisfactory to me, or perhaps even worthy of the reader's serious attention. But I have thought that the first seventeen may have been written at the request of a doting mother, who wished to persuade a handsome, wayward son into an early marriage. Why should one man beseech another to take a wife with such tender and impassioned importunity? Why should Shakespeare have entreated a youthful friend, whom he loved with a love passing that of woman, to marry "for love of me"? There seems no imaginable reason for seventeen such poetical petitions. But that a mother should be thus solicitous, is not strange, or that she should long to see the beautiful children of her own beautiful offspring. The desire for grandchildren and the love of them, seem sometimes even stronger than parental yearning. But I hazard this conjecture with little confidence.

An obscurity which seems impenetrable has fallen upon the origin of these impressive compositions. Mr. Thomas Thorpe appears in his dedication as the Sphinx of literature; and thus far he has not met his Œdipus.—WHITE, *The Works of Shakespeare.*

THE OBJECT OF THE SONNETS

Love is a generic word, and we understand very well that the love of God is not only consistent with the love of man, but always includes and presupposes it; for which reason it is best figured under some special form of the love of man or woman. This must explain why so many truly religious works appear to the eye as mere love stories, which were intended to express the divine affection itself. The love of art also participates in the highest form of the affection, when its action is not corrupted by the mere love of the reputation of an artist, just as the love of knowledge tends to wisdom when it is loved for itself and not merely for its temporal advantages. We expect to show that love, as used in the Shakespeare *Sonnets*, had not a mortal being for its object, but an irrepresentable spirit of beauty, the true source of artistic births.—HITCHCOCK, *Remarks on the Sonnets of Shakespeare.*

POETICAL VALUE OF THE SONNETS

Shakespeare's *Sonnets* are for the general reader the most inaccessible of his works, but they are also the most difficult to tear oneself away from. "With this key Shakespeare unlocked his heart," says Wordsworth; and some people are repelled from them by the *Menschliches*, or, as they think, *Allzumenschliches*, which is there revealed. In any case they think Shakespeare belittled by his candor. Browning, for example, thus retorts upon Wordsworth:—

> "'With this same key
> Shakespeare unlocked his heart.' Once more
> Did Shakespeare? If so, the less Shakespeare he."

The reader who can reconcile himself to the fact that great geniuses are not necessarily models of correctness will pass a very different judgment. He will follow with eager interest the experiences which rent and harrowed Shakespeare's soul. He will rejoice in the insight afforded by these poems, which the crowd ignores, into the tempestuous emotional life of one of the greatest of men. Here, and here alone, we see Shakespeare himself, as distinct from his poetical creations, loving, admiring, longing, yearning, adoring, disappointed, humiliated, tortured. Here alone does he enter the confessional. Here more than anywhere else can we, who at a distance of three centuries do homage to the poet's art, feel ourselves in intimate communion, not only with the poet, but with the man.—Brandes, *William Shakespeare.*

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL VALUE OF THE SONNETS

We are of opinion, with Cunningham and others, that the sonnets of our poet, æsthetically considered, have been over-estimated. With respect to their psychological tenor, they appear to us, with the total lack of all other sources for the history of Shakespeare's inner life, to be of inestimable value. They exhibit the poet to us just in the most interesting period of his mental development, when he passed from dependent to independent art, from foreign to national taste, from subserviency and distress to prosperity and happiness; aye, even from loose morality to inner reformation. And in addition to the gigantic, scarcely comprehensible picture of his mental development, which is presented to us in his dramas of this period, we here receive a small intelligible painting of his inner life, which brings us more closely to the poet himself. We live with him throughout an intercourse which was probably one of the greatest events in the calm routine of his existence; we read the touching story of a full, feeling, and warm heart, a story that no one can contemplate without deep emotion; we perceive the gentle undulation and the stronger

current of an aspiring passion ebbing and flowing, the psychological story of which we can follow in all its depth. We have before learned that Shakespeare was not happy in his married life. The void which would thus be left in his heart seemed to be entirely filled when he received the love of the noble youth, who from his high position extended his helpful hand to him in his lowliness and poverty, and perhaps first cast a higher intellectual light into an outwardly joyless existence. Truly the development of this connection of the poet with his "fair friend" is the detail of a strong passion, violent even to suffering, such as a man generally feels only for a woman. In England no one until now has felt any sympathy in this history of the poet's heart. Great care has been taken to discover, from a hundred scattered notices, how much the poet was "worth" at the different periods of his life, but no one, with true devotion, has studied these sources connected with the history of his heart. Perhaps for this a more youthful people is required, a people such as the German, whose hearts are not yet hardened by exclusive attention to politics and common interests. Nay, the whole secret of our deep interest in Shakespeare seems to rest in this—that the degree of development and culture of our nation at the present day is nearly the same as that of England in Shakespeare's time, and that advantageously for us this great poet has not come upon us unawares, as was the case with England, but that since the period of his appearance, by the nurture of poetry through two hundred years, the soil with us has been slowly and thoroughly prepared for him. —Gervinus, *Shakespeare-Commentaries.*

THE SHAKESPEARE OF THE SONNETS

The Shakspere whom we discern in the *Sonnets* had certainly not attained the broad mastery of life which the Stratford bust asserts to have been Shakspere's in his closing years. Life had been found good by him who owned those lips, and whose spirit declares itself in the massive

animation of the total outlook of that face.[1] When the greater number of these Sonnets were written Shakspere could have understood Romeo; he could have understood Hamlet; he could not have conceived Duke Prospero. Under the joyous exterior of those days lay a craving, sensitive, unsatisfied heart, which had not entire possession of itself, which could misplace its affections, and resort to all those pathetic frauds, by which misplaced affections strive to conceal an error from themselves. The friend in whose personality Shakspere found a source of measureless delight—high-born, beautiful, young, clever, accomplished, ardent—wronged him. The woman from whom Shakspere for a time received a joyous quickening of his life, which was half pain—a woman of stained character, and the reverse of beautiful, but a strong nature, intellectual, a lover of art, and possessed of curious magnetic attraction, with her dark eyes which illuminated a pale face—wronged him also. Shakspere bitterly felt the wrong—felt most bitterly the wrong which was least to be expected, that of his friend. It has been held to be an additional baseness that Shakspere could forgive, that he could rescue himself from indignant resentment, and adjust his nature to the altered circumstances. Possibly Shakspere may not have subscribed to all the items in the code of honor; he may not have regarded as inviolable the prohibited degrees of forgiveness. He may have seen that the wrong done to him was human, natural, almost inevitable. He certainly saw that the chief wrong was not that done to him, but committed by his friend against his own better nature. Delivering his heart from the prepossessions of wounded personal feeling, and looking at the circumstances as they actually were, he may have found it very natural and necessary not to banish from his heart the man he loved. However this may have been, his own sanity and strength, and the purity of his work as artist depended on his ulti-

[1] This is the more remarkable, because the original of the bust was almost certainly a mask taken after death; and the bust betrays the presence of physical death, over which however life triumphs.

mately delivering his soul from all bitterness. Besides, life was not exhausted. The ship righted itself, and went plowing forward across a broad sea. Shakspere found ever more and more in life to afford adequate sustenance for man's highest needs of intellect and of heart. Life became ever more encircled with presences of beauty, of goodness, and of terror; and Shakspere's fortitude of heart increased. Nevertheless, such experiences as those recorded in the Sonnets could not pass out of his life, and in the imaginative recurrence of past moods might at any subsequent time become motives of his art. Passion had been purified; and at last the truth of things stood out clear and calm.—Dowden, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

A COMPARISON WITH OTHER ELIZABETHAN SONNETS

The sonnets themselves are among the most splendid legacies left by Elizabethan England. They are unequal, and, to a certain extent, they are conventional. Such sonnets as CLIII and CLIV are poor examples of a thoroughly conventional style. If Shakespeare did not draw directly from the French, he yet drew largely on the common stock of fancies and affectations. He absorbed a good deal that was current and worthless, made sonnets on conventional themes, and possibly even in conscious rivalry or imitation. Certainly he gained nothing by so doing. Apart from comparative excellence of imagination and execution, there are certain marked differences between Shakespeare's sonnets and those of his contemporaries. That so many of Shakespeare's sonnets are addressed to a man is of itself remarkable, and widely differentiates his series from those of Daniel, Lodge, Drayton, and Spenser. Again, the ordinary Elizabethan sonneteer addresses his poems to a maiden, very fair and very cold. He pleads, weeps, despairs, rages or curses; he has little or no hope; he is dying of desire; he exalts her beauty and his own wretchedness with every extravagance he can devise. With Shake-

speare all this is altered. He does not plead or despair, and his dark lady is his mistress in the fullest sense. If he rages, it is not against her coldness, but against himself and her irresistible charm. He does not exalt her beauty; he throws doubt on it. He is not sure that she is beautiful to anyone but himself. He cannot love her without dishonor, and she is not only false in loving him, but is false to him. His passion is tragic with the tragedy of real life, while his contemporaries deal with the fictitious tragedy of youthful inexperience.—SECCOMBE AND ALLEN, *The Age of Shakespeare.*

THE CLIMAX OF ENGLISH SONNET-POETRY

In the same way as Shakespeare brought the English drama to its fullest development, the English sonnet in his hands was brought to its climax, and surpassed all that had been accomplished by his predecessors in this respect. All the characteristic features of English sonnet-poetry are brought to their fullest development in him, indeed, are so fully developed that, it may be said, one step further—in either case—and the Shakespearean sonnet as well as the Shakespearean drama would be caricatures.—ELZE, *William Shakespeare.*

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SONNETS

I

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content
And, tender churl, makest waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II

WHEN forty winters shall besiege thy brow
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an ill-eating shame, and thriftless praise.

How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,'
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

III

LOOK in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV

UNTHRIFTY loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And being frank, she lends to those are free.

Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

V

THOSE hours that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfair which fairly doth excel:
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness every where:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

VI

THEN let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That 's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigured thee:
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

VII

LO, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are

From his low tract and look another way:
So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII

MUSIC to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lovest thou that which thou receivest not gladly,
Or else receivest with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee: 'Thou single wilt prove none.'

IX

IS it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consumest thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;

VII. 12. *"tract"*; course.—C. H. H.
VIII. 1. *"Music to hear"*; that is, *thou being* music to hear."—H. N. H.

The world will be thy widow, and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep
By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unused, the user so destroys it.
No love toward others in that bosom sits
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

X

FOR shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,
But that thou none lovest is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

X. 7. *"that beauteous roof";* "house," family.—C. H. H.

XI

AS fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st
Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty and increase;
Without this, folly, age and cold decay:
If all were minded so, the times should cease
And threescore year would make the world away.
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless and rude, barrenly perish:
Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the more;
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish:
She carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

XII

WHEN I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,

XII. 4. *"And . . . all"*; so Malone. Q., *"And . . . or."* —I. G.

Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defense
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XIII

O, THAT you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination; then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honor might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O, none but unthrifts: dear my love, you know
You had a father; let your son say so.

Ann Hathaway's cottage at Stratford-on-Avon.

XIV

NOT from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or season's quality;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;
Or else of thee this I prognosticate:
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV

WHEN I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,

To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And all in war with Time for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI

BUT wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself keeps yourself still;
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII

WHO will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.

10. *"this, . . . pen"; Q., "this (Time's pensel or my pupill pen)."* Massey conj., *"this time's pencil, or my pupil pen";* this reading is accepted by several editors, who interpret the first clause to refer either to some particular artist, or to any painter of the time.—I. G.

If I could write the beauty of your eyes
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say 'This poet lies;
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.'
So should my papers, yellowed with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue,
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage
And stretched meter of an antique song:
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice, in it and in my rhyme.

XVIII

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wonder'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XVII. 13. *"that time"*; then.—C. H. H.

XIX

DEVOURING Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phœnix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX

A WOMAN'S face with Nature's own hand painted
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted

XIX. 5. *"fleet'st,"* so Q.; Dyce, *"fleets"* (rhyming with *"sweets"*); *cp.* VIII. 7.—I. G.

14. *"My love shall in my verse ever live young";* it may be needful to add, that in Shakespeare's time, as is often shown in his plays, the language of friendship was much the same as that of love. So that, in speaking to or of his male friends with a degree of passionate ardor, such as a gentleman would now hardly venture upon using to or about his lady-love, the Poet was but doing a common thing.—H. N. H.

With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all 'hues' in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI

SO is it not with me as with that Muse
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse,
Making a couplement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
O, let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright

XX. 7. *"hue, all 'hues'"*; Q. *"hew all Hews"* (*Hews* in italics). —I. G.

XXI. In Knight's classification, this Sonnet comes in after the CXXX, and is followed by the CXXXIX of our numbering.—H. N. H.

5. *"couplement"*; Q., *"coopelment."*—I. G.

As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:
Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

XXII

MY glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou gavest me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII

AS an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;

XXII. Knight arranges this Sonnet as in continuation of the CXXVI.—H. N. H.

XXIII. This Sonnet, in Knight's order, follows the XXV., in a set of three, entitled "Dedications."—H. N. H.

So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharged with burthen of mine own love's might.
O, let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast;
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV

MINE eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictured lies;
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun

XXIV. This Sonnet, in Knight's order, follows the XCII., and is classed along with XLVI. and XLVII., as forming a little poem called "The Picture."—H. N. H.

Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV

LET those who are in favor with their stars
Of public honor and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honor most.
Great princes' favorites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honor razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd;
Then happy I, that love and am beloved
Where I may not remove nor be removed.

XXVI

LORD of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written ambassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit:

XXIV. 13. *"cunning";* art, skill.—C. H. H.

XXV. 9–11. *"fight . . . quite";* Malone (Theobald conj.); Q., *"worth . . . quite."* Theobald conj., *"worth . . . forth";* Capell MS., *"might . . . quite."*—I. G.

XXVI. This Sonnet is classed by Knight as the first in a trio of Dedications, the other two being the XXV. and XXIII.—H. N. H.

Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it;
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

XXVII

WEARY with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head
To work my mind, when body's work 's expired:
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee and for myself no quiet find.

XXVII. This Sonnet and the next are arranged by Knight in continuation of the LII., in a set of nine, entitled "Absence." The series begins with the L.—H. N. H.

10. *"thy"*; Q., *"their"*; a common mistake in the Sonnets, evidently due to the *"y"* being taken for *e* with the mark of contraction for *"ir."*—I. G.

10. *"shadow"*; image.—C. H. H.

XXVIII

HOW can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eased by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me;
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;
When sparkling stars, twire not thou gild'st the even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger.

XXIX

WHEN, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,

XXVIII. 13, 14. *"longer . . . strength seem stronger"*; Capell MS. and Collier conj.; Q., *"longer . . . length seeme stronger."* —I. G.

XXIX. Knight makes this Sonnet the first in a series of four, with the title of "Confiding Friendship." The other three follow in due order.—H. N. H.

Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancel'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

XXXI

THY bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things removed that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give:
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I loved I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

XXXII

IF thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:

XXXI. 8. *"thee"*; Q., *"there."*—I. G.

'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I 'll read, his for his love.'

XXXIII

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendor on my brow;
But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

XXXIII. Knight arranges this Sonnet and the next two in a series of six, entitled "Injury."—H. N. H.

XXXIV

WHY didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offense's cross.
Ah, but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV

NO more be grieved at that which thou hast done:
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,

XXXIV. 10–12. *"loss . . . cross"*; Q., *"losse . . . losse."*—I. G.

13. *"sheds"*; Q., *"sheeds"* (rhyming with *"deeds"*).—I. G.

XXXV. The remaining Sonnets in this series of six, as arranged by Knight are XL., XLI., and XLII.—H. N. H.

Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense—
Thy adverse party is thy advocate—
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessary needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI

LET me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with public kindness honor me,
Unless thou take that honor from thy name:
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXV. 7. *"amiss"* was sometimes used as a substantive, for anything done amiss.—H. N. H.

8. *"more than thy sins are";* that is, making the excuse too great for the offense.—The meaning of the next three lines seems to be, "I bring in my reason to excuse thy fault, and to commence a plea against myself for being as much in fault as thou."—H. N. H.

XXXVI. This and the next three Sonnets are in Knight's arrangement a series by themselves, entitled "Humility."—H. N. H.

XXXVII

AS a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give
That I in thy abundance am sufficed
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee:
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII

HOW can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who 's so dumb that cannot write to thee
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rhymers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth

Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX

O, HOW thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring
And what is 't but mine own when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deservest alone.
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here who doth hence remain!

XL

TAKE all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.

XXXIX. This Sonnet is the fourth and last in Knight's series on "Humility."—H. N. H.

12. *"doth"*; Q., *"dost."*—I. G.

XL. This Sonnet and the next are classed by Knight as in continuation of the XXXV., in the series on "Injury."—H. N. H.

Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;
But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest
By willful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty:
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI

THOSE pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed;
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed?
Aye me! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth,
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XL. 7. *"thyself"*; Q., *"this selfe."*—I. G.
XLI. 1. *"liberty"*; license.—C. H. H.
8. *"she have"*; Tyrwhitt conj.; Q., *"he haue"*; Ewing, *"he has."*—I. G.

XLII

THAT thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
But here 's the joy: my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

XLIII

WHEN most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,

XLIII. This and the next two Sonnets are placed by Knight in continuation of the LXI., in the series of nine, entitled "Absence," and beginning with the L.—H. N. H.

When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!
All days are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.

XLIV

IF the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought,
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee;
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But, ah, thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLIV. 14. *"badges of either's woe"*; the Poet here has in view the old doctrine of philosophy, that all things were composed of the four elements, earth, water, air, and fire.—H. N. H.

XLV

THE other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recured
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assured
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI

MINE eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,
A closet never pierced with crystal eyes,
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.

XLV. This Sonnet closes Knight's series of nine beginning with the L., and entitled "Absence."—H. N. H.

XLVI. Knight places this Sonnet and the next in continuation of the XXIV., in "The Picture."—H. N. H.

To 'cide this title is impaneled
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part:
As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part,
And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

XLVII

BETWIXT mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast
And to the painted banquet bids my heart;
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them and they with thee;
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVII. This Sonnet closes Knight's series of three, beginning with the XXIV., and called "The Picture."—H. N. H.

11. *"not,"* so ed. 1640; Q., *"nor."*—I. G.

XLVIII

HOW careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX

AGAINST that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advised respects;
Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity;

XLVIII. Knight makes this Sonnet the first in a series of nine, entitled "Estrangement."—H. N. H.

XLIX. Knight makes this Sonnet continuate with the LXXV., in the series on "Estrangement," beginning with the XLVIII.—H. N. H.

4. *"respects"*; motives, considerations.—C. H. H.

Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

L

HOW heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek, my weary travel's end,
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
'Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend!'
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider loved not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide;
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind;
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

XLIX. 10. *"desert"*; Q., *"desart"* (rhyming with *"part"*).—I. G.

L. This Sonnet is placed by Knight as the first in the series of nine, entitled "Absence."—H. N. H.

LI

THUS can my love excuse the slow offense
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed:
From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind,
In winged speed no motion shall I know:
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,
Shall neigh—no dull flesh—in his fiery race;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;
Since from thee going he went willful-slow,
Towards thee I 'll run and give him leave to go.

LII

SO am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,

LI. 11. *"neigh—no dull flesh—"* (Malone); Q., *"naigh noe dull flesh":* prob. the reading of the quarto is correct, *"neigh"*="neigh after," "neigh to"; *cp.* "They were fed horses in the morning; everyone neighed after his neighbor's wife," Jeremiah v. 8.—I. G.

LII. 4. *"for blunting";* for fear of blunting.—C. H. H.

Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII

WHAT is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the spring and foison of the year,
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear;
And you in every blessed shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV

O, HOW much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall vade, by verse distills your truth.

LV

NOT marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme?
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.

LV. 1. *"monuments"*; Q., *"monument."*—I. G.

'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI

SWEET love, renew thy force; be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fullness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view;
Or call it winter, which, being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare.

LVI. This Sonnet is regarded by Knight as standing alone, and having "Coldness" for its subject.—H. N. H.

13. *"Or"*; Tyrwhitt conj. and Capell MS.; Q., *"As"*; Anon. conj., *"Ah!"*; *"Else."*—I. G.

LVII

BEING your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save, where you are how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love that in your will,
Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

LVIII

WHAT god forbid that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
O, let me suffer, being at your back,
The imprison'd absence of your liberty;

LVII. This Sonnet and the next are regarded by Knight as standing together alone, and having "Slavery" for their subject.—H. N. H.

5. *"world-without-end hour";* that is, the tedious hour that seems as if it never would end.—H. N. H.

13. *"will";* Q., *"Will";* Massey conj. *"'Will.'"*—I. G.

And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list, your charter is so strong
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what you will; to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell,
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX

IF there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,
Which, laboring for invention, bear amiss
The second burthen of a former child!
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done.
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or whether better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O, sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LIX. This Sonnet and the next are classed by Knight as the last in a series of eleven, beginning with the C., and probably addressed to the same person as the first nineteen.—H. N. H.

8. *"character";* writing.—C. H. H.

LX

LIKE as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand
Praising thy worth despite his cruel hand.

LXI

IS it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenor of thy jealousy?
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great:

LXI. This Sonnet is classed by Knight as the sixth, in a series on "Absence," beginning with the L.—H. N. H.

It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
For thee watch I whilst thou doth wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all too near.

LXII

SIN of self-love possesseth all mine eye
And all my soul and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXII. This and the twelve following Sonnets are placed by Knight in a continuous series of sixteen, beginning with the CXXVI., including, next, the XXII., and ending with the LXXXI.—H. N. H.

7. *"And for myself"; i. e.* "and for my own satisfaction"; or perhaps the words merely emphasize the statement.—I. G.

LXIII

AGAINST my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travel'd on to age's steepy night,
And all those beauties whereof now he 's king
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV

WHEN I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,

Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV

SINCE brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXV. 12. *"of"*; Malone; Q., *"or"*; Capell MS., *"o'er"*; Gildon, *"on."*—I. G.

O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out—
Sonnet LXV.

LXVI

TIRED with all these, for restful death I cry,
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honor shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII

AH, wherefore with infection should he live
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,

And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had
In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII

THUS is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchers, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament itself and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

LXVIII. 8. "*beauty's dead fleece*"; the Poet has several allusions to this custom of the time.—H. N. H.

LXIX

THOSE parts of thee that the world's eye doth view
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;
All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues, that give thee so thine own,
In other accents do this praise confound
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odor matcheth not thy show,
The soil is this, that thou dost common grow.

LXX

THAT thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;

LXIX. 3. *"that due";* Capell MS. and Tyrwhitt con.; Q., *"that end";* Sewell (ed. 2), *"thy due."*—I. G.
LXX. 1. *"art,"* ed. 1640; Q., *"are."*—I. G.
6. *"Thy";* Capell MS.; Q., *"their."*—I. G.

For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd, or victor being charged;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy evermore enlarged:
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

LXXI

NO longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII

O, LEST the world should task you to recite
What merit lived in me, that you should love
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII

THAT time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,

LXXIII. 4. *"Bare ruin'd choirs"*; Q., *"Bare rn'wd quiers."*—I. G.

As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

LXXIV

BUT be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee:
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXIV. This Sonnet is classed by Knight as the fifteenth in a series beginning with the CXXVI., and ending with the LXXXI.—H. N. H.

11. *"The coward conquest,"* etc.; it is doubtful whether this conceals a specific allusion. Perhaps it merely illustrates the baseness of the body, which a casual assassin avails to wreck.—C. H. H.

14. *"that is this"; i. e.* my spirit is my poetry.—I. G.

LXXV

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure:
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI

WHY is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change?
Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,

LXXV. This Sonnet is made the second in a series of nine entitled "Estrangement," beginning with the XLVIII.—H. N. H.

LXXVI. Knight makes this Sonnet the first in a series of ten with the title of "Rivalry."—H. N. H.

7. *"tell,"* Capell MS.; Q., *"fel"; Lintott, "fell"; Nicholson conj. "spell."*—I. G.

Showing their birth and where they did proceed?
O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII

THY glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy brain
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book.

LXXVII. "Probably this sonnet was designed to accompany a present of a book consisting of blank paper" (Steevens).—I. G.

LXXVIII

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse
And found such fair assistance in my verse
As every alien pen hath got my use
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick Muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.

LXXVIII. This Sonnet and the next two are made continuate with the LXXVI. in the series of ten on "Rivalry."—H. N. H.

3. *"As"*; that.—C. H. H.

5, 6. This is more naturally understood of Shakespeare himself than of the rival poet.—C. H. H.

He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
For thy behavior; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek: he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX

O, HOW I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive and I be cast away,
The worst was this; my love was my decay.

LXXX. The fourth in the series of ten on "Rivalry."—H. N. H.

2. "knowing a better spirit"; Malone conjectures that Spenser was the "better spirit" here alluded to. Spenser died at London on January 16, 1599.—H. N. H.

LXXXI

OR I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen—
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

LXXXII

I GRANT thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
And therefore art enforced to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days,
And do so, love; yet when they have devised

LXXI. Continuate with the LXXIV., and closing the series of sixteen which begins with CXXVI.—H. N. H.

What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathized
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better used
Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abused.

LXXXIII

I NEVER saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set;
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt:
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life and bring a tomb
Their lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV

WHO is it that says most? which can say more
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store
Which should example where your equal grew.

Lean penury within that pen doth dwell
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story.
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired every where.
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

LXXXV

MY tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compiled,
Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the Muses filed.
I think good thoughts, whilst other write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry 'Amen'
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well refined pen.
Hearing you praised, I say "Tis so, 'tis true,'
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,

LXXXV. 3. *"Reserve their"*; Tyler (Anon. conj. MS.), *"Rehearse thy,"* a more plausible reading than *"preserve their," "deserve their,"* etc., and other suggestions which have been advanced; there is probably some error in the text as printed.—I. G.

Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI

WAS it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence:
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII

FAREWELL! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;

LXXXVI. 13. *"fill'd"*; Q., *"fild"*; Malone, *"fil'd."*—I. G.

LXXXVII. The last in the series of ten on "Rivalry," beginning with the LXXVI.—H. N. H.

My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gavest, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gavest it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

LXXXVIII

WHEN thou shalt be disposed to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I 'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;
That thou in losing me shalt win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXVIII. This and the next five Sonnets follow the XLIX. in the series of nine on "Estrangement."—H. N. H.

LXXXIX

SAY that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offense:
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no defense.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I 'll myself disgrace; knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle and look strange;
Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against myself I 'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC

THEN hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.

LXXXIX. 2. *"comment upon that offense"*; discourse upon that fault (of mine).—C. H. H.

If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come: so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

XCI

SOME glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humor hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:
But these particulars are not my measure;
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast:
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away and me most wretched make.

XCII

BUT do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humor doth depend:
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O, what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what 's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

XCIII

SO shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange,
But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;

XCIII. The last in the series of nine on "Estrangement," beginning with the XLVIII.—H. N. H.

Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show.

XCIV

THEY that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

XCIV. This and the next two Sonnets are made a set by themselves.—H. N. H.

14. *cp. Edward III,* ii. 1 (printed in 1596):—

> *"Poison shows worst in a golden cup;*
> *Dark night seems darker by the lightning flash;*
> *Lilies that fester seem far worse than weeds;*
> *And every glory, that inclines to sin,*
> *The same is treble by the opposite."*—I. G.

XCV

HOW sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins inclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill used doth lose his edge.

XCVI

SOME say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are loved of more and less:
Thou makest faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray.

XCV. 12. *"turn"*; Q., *"turnes."*—I. G.

If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII

HOW like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year:
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness every where!
And yet this time removed was summer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widowed wombs after their lords' decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter 's near.

XCVI. 14. *"mine is thy good report";* the same couplet closes the XXXVI Sonnet.—H. N. H.

XCVII. This and the next two are classed together by themselves, as forming a second poem on "Absence," and apparently addressed to a woman.—H. N. H.

XCVIII

FROM you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odor and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

XCIX

THE forward violet thus did I chide:
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,

XCIX. A fifteen-lined sonnet; the first line serves as a sort of introduction, standing outside the sonnet.—I. G.

And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair;
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or color it had stol'n from thee.

C

WHERE art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised every where.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

XCIX. 15. *"sweet"*; S. Walker conj. *"scent."*—I. G.

C. This and the eight following are classed in a series of eleven, addressed, probably, to the same friend as the first nineteen.—H. N. H.

CI

O TRUANT Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
'Truth needs no color, with his color fix'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd'?
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so, for 't lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb
And to be praised of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

CII

MY love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is merchandized whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now

CII. 8. *"her,"* Housman; Q., *"his."*—I. G.

Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII

ALACK, what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth
Than when it hath my added praise beside!
O, blame me not, if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

CIV

TO me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summer's pride,

Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred;
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

CV

LET not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
'Fair, kind, and true,' is all my argument,
'Fair, kind, and true,' varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
'Fair, kind, and true,' have often lived alone,
Which three till now never kept seat in one.

CVI

WHEN in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII

NOT mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.

CVI. 12. *"skill"*; Tyrwhitt conj. and Capell MS.; Q., *"still."*—I. G.

CVII. 8. It has been suggested that this is a possible allusion to the peace completed in 1609, which ended the war between Spain and the United Provinces; but this is merely a random suggestion.—I. G.

Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I 'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII

WHAT 'S in the brain, that ink may character,
Which hath not figured to thee my true spirit?
What 's new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallowed thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CVIII. This, together with the LIX. and LX., finish the series of eleven, which seems to have been addressed, after an interval, to the same friend as the first nineteen.—H. N. H.

2. *"figured"*; imaged.—C. H. H.

3. *"new . . . new,"* Malone; Q., *"new . . . now"*; S. Walker conj. *"now . . . now."*—I. G.

CIX

O, NEVER say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have ranged,
Like him that travels, I return again;
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX

ALAS, 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offenses of affections new;
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely: but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,

CIX. This and the eight following are classed in a series of thirteen, entitled "Fidelity." They seem addressed to a woman; perhaps to the same as the XCIX.—H. N. H.

And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXI

O, FOR my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,

CX. 8. *"worse essays"*; trials of worse things.—C. H. H.

CXI. It is scarce possible to doubt that in the two foregoing Sonnets we have some of the Poet's honest feelings respecting himself. Some foolish rhymester having spoken of Shakespeare and Garrick as kindred minds, Charles Lamb thereupon quotes from these Sonnets, and comments thus: "Who can read these instances of jealous self-watchfulness in our sweet Shakespeare, and dream of any congeniality between him and one that, by every tradition of him, appears to have been as mere a player as ever existed; to have had his mind tainted with the lowest players' vices,—envy and jealousy, and miserable cravings after applause; one who in the exercise of his profession was jealous even of women-performers that stood in his way; a manager full of managerial tricks and stratagems and finesse;—that any resemblance should be dreamed of between him and Shakespeare,—Shakespeare who, in the plenitude and consciousness of his own powers, could, with that noble modesty which we can neither imitate nor appreciate, express himself thus of his own sense of his own defects:

> 'Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
> Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd;
> Desiring *this man's art, and that man's scope.*'"—H. N. H.

And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me then and wish I were renew'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII

YOUR love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
You are my all the world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:
You are so strongly in my purpose bred
That all the world besides methinks are dead.

CXII. 8. *"or changes";* Malone conj. *"e'er changes";* Knight conj. *"so changes."*—I. G.

14. *"besides methinks are,"* Capell MS. and Steevens conj.; Q., *"besides me thinkes y' are";* Dyce, *"besides methinks they 're."*—I. G.

CXIII

SINCE I left you mine eye is in my mind,
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch:
Of his quick object hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rudest or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favor or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature:
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

CXIV

OR whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,
To make of monsters and things indigest
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,

CXIII. 6. *"latch"*; Q., *"lack."*—I. G.

14. *"maketh mine untrue"*; so Q.; Capell MS., and Malone conj. *"makes mine eye untrue"*; Collier conj. *"maketh my eyne untrue"*; Malone conj. *"thy most true mind maketh mine untrue."*—I. G.

As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.

CXV

THOSE lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer:
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning Time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
Alas, why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
Might I not then say 'Now I love you best,'
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

CXV. 7. *"Tan";* spoil the freshness of.—C. H. H.

CXVI

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love 's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXVII

ACCUSE me thus: that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay.
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchased right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds

CXVI. 8. "*Whose worth's unknown,*" etc.; "worth" probably refers to the occult virtue and influence of the star, discoverable only by observation and calculation.—C. H. H.

CXVII. This makes the ninth in the noble series of thirteen on 'Fidelity."—H. N. H.

Which should transport me farthest from your
sight.
Book both my willfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate;
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate;
Since my appeal says I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII

LIKE as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge;
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge;
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweet-
ness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding;
And sick of welfare found a kind of meetness
To be diseased, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured:
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXVIII. This and the next two are made to continue the CXLVIII., finishing the series of ten on "Love and Hatred."—H. N. H.

CXIX

WHAT potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuked to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX

THAT you were once unkind befriends me now,
And for that sorrow which I then did feel
Needs must I under my transgressions bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you 've pass'd a hell of time;
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O, that our night of woe might have remember'd

CXIX. 14. *"ill,"* Malone; Q., *"ills."*—I. G.
CXX. 6. *"you've"*; Q., *"y'haue."*—I. G.

My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
  But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
  Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXXI

'TIS better to be vile than vile esteemed,
  When not to be receives reproach of being;
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deemed
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing:
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No, I am that I am, and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
  Unless this general evil they maintain,
  All men are bad and in their badness reign.

CXXI. This Sonnet is regarded as standing alone; its subject being, perhaps, "Reputation."—H. N. H.

CXXII

THY gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above; that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity:
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII

NO, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old;
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told.

CXXII. This and the next three are made continuate with the CXVII. in the series entitled "Fidelity."—H. N. H.

CXXIII. 5. *"admire"*; wonder at.—C. H. H.

7. *"them"; i. e. "what thou dost foist upon us."*—I. G.

Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past,
For thy records and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

CXXIV

IF my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thralled discontent,
Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours.
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with showers
To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

CXXIV. 11. *"all alone,"* etc.; *i. e.* its "policy" is grounded in itself, and therefore remains constant while it endures.—C. H. H.

13–14. *"The fools of time,"* etc.; Tyler sees in these lines a reference to the popular repute of Essex as the "good earl," notwithstanding the "crimes" for which he and certainly his companions were executed; the allusion is probably more general, and perhaps, as Palgrave observes, to "the plotters and political martyrs of the time."—I. G.

CXXV

WERE 'T aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honoring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favor
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet forgoing simple savor,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul
When most impeach'd stands least in thy control.

CXXVI

OTHOU, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self grow'st;

CXXV. 1. *"bore the canopy"; i. e.* rendered outward homage.—C. H. H.

13. *"thou suborn'd informer"; cf.* CXXI. 7. But the phrase may be a figure for "Jealousy," who is called "sour informer" in *Venus and Adonis.*—C. H. H.

CXXVI. This short poem is of six rhymed couplets; it was evidently not intended to pass as an ordinary sonnet, though after the last line an omission of two lines is marked in the quarto by two pairs of parentheses. It is the *envoy,* the conclusion of one series of sonnets.—I. G.

2. *"sickle, hour"; Q., "sickle, hower";* perhaps we should read

If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure:
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be
And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem
At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem:
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says beauty should look so.

"sickle hour"; other suggestions, unsatisfactory for the most part, are, *"fickle mower"*; *"fickle hoar"*; *"sickle hoar,"* etc.—I. G.

CXXVII. This goes with the CXXXI. and CXXXII. in a little set entitled "Black Eyes."—H. N. H.

9–10. *"eyes . . . eyes,"* Q.; Capell MS., *"eyes . . . hairs"*; S. Walker and Delius conj. *"hairs . . . eyes"*; Staunton and Brae conj. *"brows . . . eyes,"* etc.—I. G.

12. *"slandering creation"*; they seem to mourn, that those who are

CXXVIII

HOW oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX

THE expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight;

not born fair, are yet possessed of an artificial beauty, by which they pass for what they are not; and thus dishonor nature by their imperfect imitation and false pretensions (Malone).—H. N. H.

CXXVIII. This piece of "airy elegance" is placed by itself, to be headed "The Virginal."—H. N. H.

CXXIX. This is made the first in a series of ten, entitled "Love and Hatred."—H. N. H.

Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX

MY mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound:
I grant I never saw a goddess go,
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

CXXIX. 11. *"proved, a very,"* Capell MS.; Q., *"proud and very."* —I. G.

CXXX. This and the XXI. are placed together by themselves in a little poem entitled "False Compare."—H. N. H.

14. *"she"*; used substantively, as often.—C. H. H.

CXXXI

THOU art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To say they err I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII

THINE eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the gray cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,

CXXXI. This and the next are placed in continuation of CXXVII., in the trio entitled "Black Eyes."—H. N. H.

As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O, let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII

BESHREW that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is 't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engrossed:
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice threefold thus to be crossed.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigor in my jail:
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIII. This and the next are grouped with the CXLIV. as forming by themselves a little poem entitled "Infidelity."—H. N. H.

CXXXIV

SO, now I have confess'd that he is thine
And I myself am mortgaged to thy will,
Myself I 'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous and he is kind;
He learn'd but surety-like to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me:
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV

WHOEVER hath her wish, thou hast thy 'Will,'
And 'Will' to boot, and 'Will' in overplus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,

CXXXV. This and the next go with the CXLIII., in a little poem playing on the author's name.—H. N. H.

And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in 'Will,' add to thy 'Will'
One will of mine, to make thy large 'Will' more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one 'Will.'

CXXXVI

IF thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy 'Will,'
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfill.
'Will' will fulfill the treasure of thy love,
Aye, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we prove
Among a number one is reckon'd none:
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy store's account I one must be;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lovest me, for my name is 'Will.'

CXXXV. 13. *"no unkind, no"*; Dowden conj. *"no unkind" "'No'"*; Rossetti proposed *"skill," i. e.* "avail" instead of *"kill."*—I. G.

14. *"Will"*; in this Sonnet and the next, we print the *Wills* just as they stand in the original. Of course this is a play on the Poet's name William.—H. N. H.

CXXXVI. 1. *"check"*; chide.—C. H. H.

8. *"one is reckoned none"*; several allusions have been found to this way of reckoning.—H. N. H.

CXXXVII

THOU blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is take the worst to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks
Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,
And to this false plague are they now transferred.

CXXXVIII

WHEN my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,

CXXXVII. This and the next are placed in continuation of the CXXIX., in the series of ten entitled "Love and Hatred."—H. N. H.

CXXXVIII. This Sonnet, with some variations, was first printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599, and afterwards included in the collection of Sonnets.—H. N. H.

Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX

O CALL not me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lovest elsewhere; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might
Is more than my o'er-pressed defense can bide?
Let me excuse thee: ah, my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

CXXXIX. This and the next are grouped with the CXLIX. in a set of three to be headed "Tyranny."—H. N. H.

CXL

BE wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know;
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

CXLI

IN faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who, in despite of view, is pleased to dote;
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,

CXLI. This and the next are set in continuation of the CXXXVIII. in the series of ten on "Love and Hatred," beginning with the CXXIX.—H. N. H.

Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

CXLII

LOVE is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profaned their scarlet ornaments
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lovest those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that, when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example mayst thou be denied!

CXLII. 6–7. *cp. Edward III,* ii. 1:—*"His cheeks put on their scarlet ornaments."*—I. G.

CXLIII

LO, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent:
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou mayst have thy 'Will,'
If thou turn back and my loud crying still.

CXLIV

TWO loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman color'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,

CXLIII. This Sonnet stands in continuation of the CXXXVI. in the trio playing upon the Poet's name.—H. N. H.

1. *"housewife"*; Q., *"huswife."*—I. G.

13. *"have thy 'Will'"*; *i. e.* Shakespeare's friend Will, not himself. I. G.

CXLIV. This Sonnet continues the CXXXIV., in the set of three entitled "Infidelity."—H. N. H.

6. *"side,"* so *Passionate Pilgrim,* and Capell MS.; Q., *"sight."*—I. G.

And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:
  Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
  Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV

THOSE lips that Love's own hand did make
  Breathed forth the sound that said 'I hate,'
To me that languish'd for her sake:
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet
Was used in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus anew to greet;
'I hate' she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,
From heaven to hell is flown away;
  'I hate' from hate away she threw,
  And saved my life, saying 'not you.'

CXLIV. 9. *"fiend"; Q., "finde"; Passionate Pilgrim, "feend."*—I. G.

CXLV. This Sonnet seems unconnected with any other, its title being, perhaps, "I Hate not You."—H. N. H.

The only sonnet in Shakespeare in eight-syllable verse.—I. G.

CXLVI

POOR soul, the center of my sinful earth,
. . . . . these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there 's no more dying then.

CXLVII

MY love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.

CXLVI. This Sonnet is set off by itself, as unconnected with any other, and entitled "The Soul."—H. N. H.

1–2. *"earth . . . these rebel"*; Q., *"earth, My sinfull earth these rebbell"*; Malone, *"earth, Fool'd by those rebel"*; Steevens, *"earth, Starv'd by the rebel"*; Dowden, *"earth [Press'd by] these rebel,"* etc. Probably any one of these readings comes near the original: in this case *array* = clothe. Ingleby renders the word "abuse, afflict, ill-treat"; he reads, *"leagu'd with,"* and takes the participle in close conjunction with *"earth."* This rendering is ingenious, but very doubtful.—I. G.

CXLVII. This and the next continue the CXLII. in the series of ten on "Love and Hatred," beginning with CXXIX.—H. N. H.

My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII

O ME, what eyes hath Love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's no,
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then, though I mistake my view;

CXLVIII. 9. *"Love's eye,"* etc.; a rather awkward pun is apparently intended between "eye" and "aye" (both expressed in the old text by "I"); the former meaning requiring a full stop at "men's," the latter at "No."—C. H. H.

The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX

CANST thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I against myself with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lovest, and I am blind

CXLIX. This Sonnet continues the CXL. in the set of three on "Tyranny."—H. N. H.

CL

O, FROM what power hast thou this powerful might
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:
If thy unworthiness raised love in me,
More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

CLI

LOVE is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:
For, thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason,

CL. This and the next two are made to continue the CXLVIII., finishing the series of ten on "Love and Hatred."—H. N. H.

CLI. 3. *"amiss"* as a substantive, for the thing done amiss.—H. N. H.

But rising at thy name doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her 'love' for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII

IN loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty! I am perjured most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair; more perjured I,
To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

CLIII

CUPID laid by his brand and fell asleep:
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;

CLII. 13. *"I"*; Q., *"eye."*—I. G.
CLIII. This Sonnet and the next are set together by themselves,

Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fired,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I, sick withal, the help of bath desired,
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire, my mistress' eyes.

CLIV

THE little Love-god lying once asleep
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseased; but I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove.
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

to be headed "The Little Love-God." It is quite clear that they have no connection or continuity with any of the preceding.—H. N. H.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M. A.

Abuse, treat badly; xlii. 7.

Acquaintance; "to take a new a. of thy mind," *i. e.* "thy mind will become anew acquainted with its own thoughts"; lxxvii. 12.

Act; "in a.," *i. e.* in reality; clii. 3.

Adder's; "a. sense," alluding to the alleged deafness of the adder; cxii. 10.

Adulterate, lewd; cxxi. 5.

Advance, raise, lift up; lxxviii. 13.

Advantage, favorable opportunity; cliii. 2.

Advised; "a. respects," deliberate consideration; xlix. 4.

After-loss, later loss, future grief; xc. 4.

Against, against the time when; lxiii. 1.

——; "stand a.," endure; xxxviii. 6.

Aggravate, increase; cxlvi. 10.

All; "without a. bail," *i. e.* "accepting no bail"; lxxiv. 2.

All-oblivious, causing all to be forgotten; lv. 9.

Allow, approve; cxii. 4.

Amazeth, confounds; xx. 8.

Ambush, insidious attacks; lxx. 5.

Approve, prove; lxx. 5.

——, find by experience; cxlvii. 7.

April, the month of Spring flowers; iii. 10.

Argument, subject-matter; xxxviii. 3.

Art, learning; lxvi. 9.

Arts, learning, letters; lxxviii. 12.

As, as for example; lxvi. 2.

Astonished, stunned; lxxxvi. 8.

Astronomy, astrology; xiv. 2.

Attaint, blame, discredit; lxxxii. 2.

Bail, out of prison; cxxxiii. 10.

Bare; "all b.," all by itself, merely; ciii. 3.

Becoming of, making comely; cxxvii. 13.

Befriends, benefits; cxx. 1.

Bears; "b. it out," *i. e.* endures; cxvi. 12.

Beated, beaten, battered, (*"bated," "'bated," "beaten,"* have been unnecessarily substituted); lxii. 10.

Begetter, prob.= inspirer (according to others,= getter); Dedic.

Bereft, taken away, lost; v. 11.

Besides; "put b. his p.," *i. e.* "put out"; xxiii. 2.

Bestow, stow, lodge, shelter; xxvi. 8.

Bevel, slanting; cxxi. 11.

Blanks, blank pages (Q., *"blacks"*); lxxvii. 10.

Blenches, aberrations; cx. 7.
Blood, passion; cix. 10.
Blunt, clumsy; ciii. 7.
Bonds, claims; lxxxvii. 4.
Bower, habitation; cxxvii. 7.
Brave, beautiful; xii. 2.
Brave, defy; xii. 14.
Bravery, splendor; xxxiv. 4.
Breathers; "the b. of this world, *i. e.* "the present generation"; lxxxi. 12.
Bred, firmly established; cxii. 13.

Canker, canker-worm; xxxv. 4; lxx. 7.
Canker-blooms, dog-roses; liv. 5.
Captain, chief; lii. 8.
Carcanet, necklace; lii. 8.
Case; "love's fresh c.," *i. e.* "love's new condition"; cviii. 9.
Cast; "c. his utmost sum," closed the account; xlix. 3.
Censures, judges; cxlviii. 4.
Charg'd, attacked; lxx. 10.
Check, rebuff; lviii. 7.
Chest; "time's ch.," *i. e.* Time's treasure-hold, the grave; lxv. 10.
Chopp'd, chapped, rent, roughened; lxii. 10.
Churl, niggard, miser; i. 12.
'Cide, decide (Q., *"side"*); xlvi. 9.
Clean, completely; lxxv. 10.
Comment, expatiate; lxxxix. 2.
Compare, comparison; xxi. 5.
Compile, compose, write; lxxviii. 9.
Conceit, conception; xv. 9; cviii. 13.
Confound, destroy; lx. 8.
Consecrate, consecrated; lxxiv. 6.
Contents; "these c.," *i. e.* what is contained in these writings; lv. 3.
Contracted, betrothed; i. 5.
Controlling, rendering subordinate, surpassing; xx. 7.
Convert, turn, change thy aim; xiv. 12.
Converted, changed; xlix. 7.
——, turned away; vii. 11.
Convertest, dost turn away; xi. 4.
Copy, the original design; xi. 14.
Correct; "to c. correction," *i. e.* "to perfect correction"; cxi. 12.
Cost, that on which money is spent; lxiv. 2.
Count, account, reckoning; ii. 11.
Counterfeit, portrait; xvi. 8.
——, (rhyming with *"set"*); liii. 5.
Counterpart, exact reproduction; lxxxiv. 11.
Couplement, union (Q., *"coopplement"*); xxi. 5.
Courses, yearly courses; lix. 6.
Critic, carper; cxii. 11.
Crooked, malignant; lx. 7.
Curious, fastidious, critical; xxxvii. 13.

Damask'd, variegated; cxxx. 5.
Date, limit; xiv. 14.
Dateless, endless; xxx. 6.
——, eternal; cliii. 6.
Dates, terms of existence; cxxiii. 5.
Dear, loving; xlvi. 12.
Dearest, most intense; xxxvii. 3.
Debate, contest, quarrel; lxxxix. 13.
Debateth, combats (perhaps, discusses); xv. 11.
Decay, cause of ruin; lxxx. 14.
Dedicated; "d. words," *i. e.* (probably) words of dedication; lxxxii. 3.
Defeat, destroy; lxi. 11.
Defeated, defrauded; xx. 11.

Defect, fault, blameworthiness; lxx. 1.
——, defects; cxlix. 11.
Defense, resistance; cxxxix. 8.
Delves; "d. the parallels," *i. e.* "makes furrows"; lx. 10.
Denote, show; cxlviii. 7.
Departest, leavest; xi. 2.
Determinate, determined, ended, out of date; lxxxvii. 4.
Determination, end of (a legal use); xiii. 6.
Disabled (Quadrisyllabic); lxvi. 8.
Discloses, uncloses, unfolds; liv. 8.
Dispense; "d. . . . with," excuse; cxii. 12.
Distillation, perfumes distilled from flowers; v. 9.
Doubting, suspecting; lxxv. 6.
Dressings, trimmings up; cxxiii. 4.
Drop in, come in; xc. 4.
Dullness, drowsiness; lvi. 8.
Dwellers on, those who set store on; cxxv. 5.

Eager, sharp, acid; cxviii. 2.
Effect, working efficiency; xxxvi. 7.
Effectually, in reality; cxiii. 4.
Eisel, vinegar; cxi. 10.
Enlarged; "envy, evermore e."; (?) a reference to the Blatant Beast, tied up by Calidore; after a time he broke his chain, "and got into the world at liberty again" (*Faerie Queene*, Bk. VI.; Hales); lxx. 12.
Enlighten, to shed luster on; clii. 11.
Ensconce, shelter; xlix. 9.
Entitled; "e. in thy parts," *i. e.* "finding their title or claim in thy qualities"; (Q., "*e. in their parts*," ?="having a just claim to the first place as their due"); xxxvii. 7.
Envy (accented on second syllable); cxxviii. 5.
Esteeming, estimation; cii. 3.
Estimate, value, valuation; lxxxvii. 2.
Except, object to, refuse; cxlvii. 8.
Exchanged, changed, altered; cix. 7.
Expense, loss, xxx. 8.
——, expenditure, waste; xciv. 6.
Expiate, bring to an end; xxii. 4.
Extern, external show; cxxv. 2.

Fair, beauty; xvi. 11.
Fairly, beauteously, in respect of beauty; v. 4.
False; "f. esteem," spurious reputation; cxxvii. 12.
Fame, made famous; lxxxiii. 11.
Favor, countenance; cxiii. 10.
——, outward appearance; cxxv. 5.
Fee, pledge, guarantee; cxx. 13.
Fell, cruel, harsh; lxxiv. 1.
Fester, corrupt, rot; xciv. 14.
Filed, polished; lxxxv. 4.
Fitted, started by paroxysms; cxix. 7.
Five wits, *i. e.* common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, memory; cxli. 9.
Flourish, external beauty; lx. 9.
Foison, plenty, rich harvest; liii. 9.
Fond, foolish; lii. 7.
——; "being f. on," *i. e.* "doting on"; lxxxiv. 14.
Fools of time, *i. e.* the sports of Time; cxxiv. 13.
For, because; xl. 6; liv. 9.
——, for fear of; lii. 4.

For; "f. thy hand," *i. e.* "for stealing the whiteness of thy hand"; xcix. 6.
'Fore, before (Q., *"fore"*); vii. 11.
Foregone, past, previously endured; xxx. 9.
Form, good semblance; lxxxix. 6.
Forward, early; xcix. 1.
Foul, ugly; cxxxvii. 12.
Frank, liberal; iv. 4.
Free, liberal, bountiful; iv. 4.
Frequent, intimate; cxvii. 5.
Front; "summer's f.," *i. e.* "summer's beginning"; cii. 7.
Fury, poetic inspiration; c. 3.

Gaudy, gay, festive; i. 10.
Gaze, object gazed at; v. 2.
General, chief cause; cliv. 7.
Give, to ascribe; cxv. 14.
Go, walk; li. 14; cxxx. 11.
Gored; "g. mine own thoughts," *i. e.* "wounded my self-respect"; cx. 3.
Gracious, full of grace, beauteous; lxii. 5.
Greeing; "is g.," *i. e.* suits, agrees; cxiv. 11.
Grind, whet; cx. 10.
Grossly, manifestly; xcix. 5.
Gust, taste; cxiv. 11.

Habit, bearing; cxxxviii. 11.
Happier, more successful in poetical expression; xxxii. 8.
Happies, makes happy; vi. 6.
Hearsay; "like of h. well" (?) "fall in love with what has been praised by others"; perhaps, better, "mere extravagant talk"; xxi. 13.
Heavy, gloomy, morose; xcviii. 4.
Height, angular altitude; cxvi. 8.
His, its; ix. 10.
Horse, horses; xci. 4.
Hue, form; xx. 7.
Husbandry, economy; xiii. 10.

Idle; "i. rank," *i. e.* "poor dignity"; cxxii. 3.
Ill-wresting, trusting to a bad sense; cxl. 11.
Imaginary, imaginative; xxvii. 9.
Imprison'd; "i. absence of your liberty," *i. e.* "separation from you, which is to me like a prison, but which is your rightful liberty"; lviii. 6.
Indigest, formless; cxiv. 5.
Indirectly, artificially; lxvii. 7.
Inhearse, entomb; lxxxvi. 3.
Injurious, hostile; xliv. 2.
Insults, exults; cvii. 12.
Intend, direct; xxvii. 6.
Interest, rightful claim; xxxi. 7.
——, property; lxxiv. 3.
Invention, imagination; xxxviii. 8.
Itself, its natural self, nature itself; lxviii. 10.

Jacks, keys of the virginal; cxxviii. 5.
Just; "j. to the time," "punctual to the time"; cix. 7.

Keeps, guards; cxxxiii. 11.
Key (rhyming with *"survey"*); lii. 1.
Kindness, affection; clii. 9.

Lace, embellish; lxvii. 4.
Lame; "made l.," crippled (used metaphorically); xxxvii. 3.
Lameness, impaired condition (? used metaphorically); lxxxix. 3.
Latch, catch; cxiii. 6.
Lay, lay on; ci. 7.
Learning, lesson; lxxvii. 4.
Leese, lose; v. 14.
Level, aim; cxvii. 11.
Light; "set me l.," esteem me lightly; lxxxviii. 1.
Like of, like, care for; xxi. 13.

Limbecks, alembics; cxix. 2.
Lines; "l. of life," living lines, living pictures (*i. e.* children); xvi. 9.
Live, subsist; iv. 8.
Look, lo; xi. 11.
Love; "l. for love," *i. e.* "Love, on account of my love"; li. 12.
Lovely; "thy l. argument," *i. e.* "the theme of your loveliness"; lxxix. 5.
Love's, mistress's; xlii. 9.
Lusty, vigorous; ii. 6.

Main; "m. of light," *i. e.* "flood of light (into which a newborn child is launched)"; lx. 5.
Makeless, without a mate; ix. 4.
Manner, courteous decorum; lxxxv. 1.
Map, pattern, picture, image; lxviii. 1.
Master, possess; cvi. 8.
Master-mistress, the friend who sways the poet's love as if he were his mistress; xx. 2.
Matter; "no such m.," nothing of the kind; lxxxvii. 14.
Meetness, fitness; cxviii. 7.
Melancholy (pronounced *"melanch'ly"*); xlv. 8.
Memory, memorials; cxxii. 2.
Million'd, millionfold, innumerable; cxv. 5.
Mind, thought; lix. 8.
Minion, darling; cxxvi. 9.
Misprision, mistake, error; lxxxvii. 11.
Moan, bemoan; xxx. 8.
Modern, ordinary, common; lxxxiii. 7.
Moiety, share, portion; xlvi. 12.
More; "m. and less," *i. e.* "high and low"; xcvi. 3.
More; "the m.," *i. e.* the greater faculty; xi. 11.
Mortal; "m. rage," the resistless power of destruction; lxiv. 4.
Motley, fool, jester; cx. 2.
Mouthed, all-devouring; lxxvii. 6.
Music; "m. to hear," *i. e.* thou, to hear whom is music; viii. 1.

Neglect, being neglected by others; cxii. 12.
Newer, more recent; cxxiii. 2.
Niggarding, being miserly; i. 12.
None; less than nothing (antithetical to "one"; perhaps, however, there is an allusion to the proverbial saying "one is no number"); viii. 14.
Noted, familiar; lxxvi. 6.

Obsequious, funereal; xxxi. 5.
——, devoted, zealous; cxxv. 9.
O'ergreen, cover with verdure, embellish; (Sewell, *"o'erskreen"* Steevens, *"o'ergrieve"*); cxii. 4.
O'erlook, peruse; lxxxii. 2.
O'erpress'd, over-strained; cxxxix. 8.
Offenses; "made old o. of affections new," *i. e.* "each new affection transgressed against my old love"; cx. 4.
Old; "my o. excuse," *i. e.* "the excuse of my oldness"; ii. 11.
One on another's neck; one after another; cxxxi. 11.
Only, principal, chief; i. 10.
Orphans; "hope of o.," *i. e.* "expectation of the birth of posthumous children"; xcvii. 10.
Over-goes, transcends; ciii. 7.
Owe, own, possess; lxx. 14.
Owest, possessest; xviii. 10.

PACE FORTH, walk, go, proceed; lv. 10.
PAIN, punishment; cxli. 14.
PARALLELS, lines; lx. 10.
PART; "p. his function," *i. e.* "divide its function"; cxiii. 3.
PARTAKE; "with thee p.," *i. e.* "take thy part"; cxlix. 2.
PARTICULARS, objects; xci. 7.
PARTS; "p. of me," *i. e.* "shares in me, claims upon me"; xxxi. 11.
PASS; "no other p.," *i. e.* "no other issue"; ciii. 11.
PATENT, privilege; lxxxvii. 8.
PEACE; "p. of you," *i. e.* "the peace to be found in you," or perhaps "the peaceable possession of you"; lxxv. 3.
PERSPECTIVE, used perhaps with a play upon the two senses: (i) "the science of perspective," and (ii) "a glass cut in such a manner as to produce an optical deception when looked through" (the painter himself, *i. e.* the eye, being the glass through which the form must be seen); xxiv. 4.
PITCH, height; (lit. height to which a falcon soars); vii. 9.
PLIGHT, condition; xxviii. 1.
PLUCK, derive; xiv. 1.
POINTING, appointing; xiv. 6.
POLICY, self-interest; cxxiv. 9.
POLITIC, prudent; cxxiv. 11.
PREDICT; "oft p.," *i. e.* frequent prediction; xiv. 8.
PRESENT, immediate; cxlix. 8.
PREVENT'ST, hinderest by anticipation; c. 14.
PRICK'D, marked; xx. 13.
PRIDE, proud conquest; cli. 10.
PRIME, spring; xcvii. 7.
PRIVATE, ordinary; ix. 7.
PRIZING; "not p.," *i. e.* disregarding; cxliii. 8.
PROUD-PIED, gorgeously variegated; xcviii. 2.
PROVE, ultimately become; viii. 14.
——, find; lxxii. 4.
PYRAMIDS, used as symbolical of what is grand and stupendous; cxxiii. 2.

QUALIFY, temper; cix. 2.
QUEST, inquest, or jury; xlvi. 10.
QUESTION MAKE, feel a doubt; xii. 9.
QUIETUS, discharge of obligation; cxxvi. 14.

RACK, mass of floating cloud; xxxiii. 6.
RAGGED, rugged, rough; vi. 1.
RANGED, gone away; cix. 5.
RANK, sick; cxviii. 12.
REARWARD; "in the r.," *i. e.* at the end; xc. 6.
RECEIPT, capacity, power of receiving and containing; cxxxvi. 7.
RECKONING, taking account of; cxv. 5.
RECORD, history; lix. 5.
RECURED, restored; xlv. 9.
REGION, belonging to the upper air; xxxiii. 12.
REMEMBER'D, reminded; cxx. 9.
REMOVE, fall away; cxvi. 4.
REMOVED, passed; xcvii. 5.
RENDER; "mutual r.," *i. e.* "give and take"; cxxv. 12.
——, surrender; cxxvi. 14.
RENEW'D, thoroughly changed; cxi. 8.
REPAIR; "fresh r.," renovation, healthful condition; iii. 3.
REPAIR, renovate; xvi. 9.
RESERVE, preserve; xxxii. 7.

Respect, regard, consideration; xxvi. 12

——; "but one r.," *i. e.* "one matter for consideration"; perhaps "one affection," or "perfect similarity"; xxxvi. 5.

Resty, torpid; c. 9.

Retention, means of preserving impressions (=a table book); cxxii. 9.

Revolt, faithlessness; xcii. 10.

Rotten, damp, vaporish; xxxiv. 4.

Roundure, circle; xxi. 8.

Ruinate, ruin; x. 7.

Ruth, pity; cxxxii. 4.

Salutation; "give s.," *i. e.* "affect in any manner, gratify or mortify"; cxxi. 6.

Satire; "be a s. to decay," satirize decay, mock decay (?= satirist); c. 11.

Scope, power, range of thought; xxix. 7.

Seconds, an inferior kind of flour, base matter; cxxv. 11.

Seeing; "dead s.," *i. e.* "lifeless appearance"; lxvii. 6.

Self-substantial, deriving its substance from thyself; i. 6.

Sense, reason; xxxv. 9.

Separable, causing separation; xxxvi. 6.

Service; "thy s.," *i. e.* service to thee; cxlix. 10.

Set; "to s. a form," *i. e.* "by giving a good semblance"; lxxxix. 6.

Several; "a s. plot," *i. e.* "an enclosed field"; cxxxvii. 9.

Shady; "s. stealth," *i. e.* "the stealthy motion of the shadow"; lxxvii. 7.

Show, appear; cv. 2.

Simplicity, folly; lxvi. 11.

Sit, be comprised; ciii. 13.

Slept; "have I s. in your report," *i. e.* I have been slow to tell your praises; lxxxiii. 5.

So, provided only; lxx. 5.

Soil, solution; with a play upon the more ordinary sense of the word; (Q., "solye"); Malone, *"solve"*; 1640 ed., *"soyle"*); lxix. 14.

Sourly, cruelly, harshly; xxxv. 14.

Spirit, vital energy; cxxix. 1.

Sportive, amorous, wanton; cxxi. 6.

Stain, grow dim, suffer eclipse; xxxiii. 14.

State, estate, endowments, glory; xcvi. 12.

——, rank, power; cxxiv. 1.

Statute, (used in legal sense) "security, or obligation for money"; cxxxiv. 9.

Steal, glide away; civ. 10.

Steel'd, hardened; cxii. 8.

Steep-up, high and precipitous; vii. 5.

Steepy, having a deep decline; lxiii. 5.

Stell'd, fixed; (Q., *"steeld"*); xxiv. 1.

Store; "made for s.," *i. e.* increase, fertility, population; xi. 9.

Store's; "in thy s. account," *i. e.* "in estimating the worth of thy possessions"; cxxxvi. 10.

Strained, forced, overwrought; lxxxii. 10.

Strange, distant; lxxxix. 8.

Strangely, distantly; cx. 6.

Strangle, extinguish; lxxxix. 8.

Strength; "s. of laws," the laws' support, perfect legal right; xlix. 13.

Stretched, overstrained; xvii. 12.

Subscribes, yields; cvii. 10.

Successive, by order of succession; cxxvii. 3.
Sufferance, patient endurance; lviii. 7.
Suggest, tempt; cxliv. 2.
Suit, clothe; cxxxii. 12.
Suited, clad; cxxvii. 10.
Sum, compute, cast up, settle; ii. 11.
Summer's story, *i. e.* "gay fiction"; xcviii. 7.
Suspect, suspicion; lxx. 3.
Swift; "s. extremity"; the extreme of swiftness; li. 6.
Sympathized, described with due appreciation; lxxxii. 11.

Table, tablet; xxiv. 2.
Tables, memorandum tablets; cxxii. 1.
Tallies, notched sticks for keeping accounts; cxxii. 10.
Tame, tamed; lviii. 7.
Tatter'd, (Q., *"totter'd,"* an old form of the word); ii. 4; xxvi. 11.
Tell, count; xxx. 10.
Terms, "(?) long periods of time" (opposed to hours); cxlvi. 11.
That, so that; xcviii. 4.
Thralled, kept down, held in subjection; cxxiv. 7.
Thriftless, unprofitable; ii. 8.
Time, the world, society; cxvii. 6.
Time's fool, the sport of Time; cxvi. 9.
Times in hope, future times; lx. 13.
Tires, head-dresses; liii. 8.
To; "t. have," *i. e.* "at having"; lxiv. 14.
Translated, changed; xcvi. 8.
Treasure, make rich; vi. 3.
Triumphant, triumphal; cli. 10.
Trust; "for fear of tr.," fearing to trust myself; xxiii. 5.
Truth, allegiance, troth, duty; xli. 12.
——, (?) fidelity; cx. 5.
Twire, peep, twinkle; xxviii. 12.
Tyrant; "all t.," *i. e.* tyrannical towards myself; (?) "thou complete tyrant"; cxlix. 4.

Unbless, neglect to make happy; iii. 4.
Under thee, under thy auspices; lxxviii. 4.
Unear'd, unplowed; iii. 5.
Unfair, deprive of beauty; v. 4.
Unhappily, mischievously; lxvi. 4.
Unlook'd for, disregarded; xxv. 4.
Unprovident, improvident; x. 2.
Unrespected, unnoticed; xliii. 2.
——, unregarded; liv. 10.
Unthrift, prodigal, spendthrift; ix. 9.
Untrue, untruly; lxxii. 10.
Use, interest; vi. 5; cxxxiv. 10.
User, possessor (Sewell, *"us'rer"*); ix. 12.

Vade, fade; liv. 14.
Vaunt, mount upwards; xv. 7.
View, what it sees; cxli. 4.

Warrantize, security; cl. 7.
Waste; "w. of shame," *i. e.* "shameful waste"; cxxix. 1.
Wasteful, devastating; lv. 5.
Wastes; "w. of time," *i. e.* "the things devastated by Time"; xii. 10.
Weed, garment; ii. 4.
When as, when; xlix. 3.
Where, to the place where, to where; xliv. 4.
Whether; "w. better they"

(monosyllabic; Q., *"where"*); lix. 11..

Wills; "in their w.," *i. e.* "according to their pleasure"; cxxi. 8.

Wink, shut the eyes; xliii. 1.

Wink; "w. with fullness," *i. e.* "close as after a full meal"; lvi. 6.

Woo'd; "being w. of time"; (?) ="when the course of time has smiled on it"; (others, "being tempted by the present time"; or, "being tempted in thy youth"); lxx. 6.

Worth, (?) "stellar influence"; cxvi. 8.

Wreckful, destructive (Q., *"wrackfull"*); lxv. 6.

Wrought; "so much of earth and water w.," *i. e.* "so much of the elements of earth and water being wrought into my nature"; xliv. 11.

Youngly, in the period of youth; xi. 3.

Yourself, your very self, truly yours, master of yourself; xiii. 1.